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Reforming the Lords

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The Zhukov Story

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A Landmark in Kenya

THE political crisis which Mr Lennox-Boyd found in Kenya arose from the attempt to put into operation the Lyttelton constitution—never accepted by representative African leaders. Mr Lennox-Boyd has responded by laying down, again without effective consultation with the Africans, a new constitution, the fate of which is still uncertain.

The breakdown of the Lyttelton constitution is a landmark in East African history, not because the exact composition of the Kenya Legislative Council matters all that much, but because a politically-conscious African leadership set itself the deliberate task of making Lyttelton unworkable and, despite both pressures and temptations, has proved strong enough to succeed. The lesson is clear: short of government by violence, Kenya from now on can be governed only with the consent of politically-conscious Africans. Nor is this a mere truism. Very few of those in London who discuss and determine the future of this most intractable of all Britain's colonial problems, face the consequences which follow. The common assumption is that the future of Kenya lies in some form of multi-racialism which, while advancing the political status of the Africans, still preserves most of the entrenched European privileges. Even the Labour Party in its statement of policy on 'plural societies' does not convincingly face the difficulty of achieving democracy in a territory where a tiny community of white settlers has built itself such a privileged position.

To what sort of government then will the Africans consent? We earnestly hope that Mr Tom Mboya and his followers will exercise the greatest possible patience; they must realise that, when all the humbug is allowed for, it remains true that the European community is facing a very painful and difficult situation. But when patience and restraint have done their work there remains only one answer. The Africans will make their goal—and in our view rightly—a single-vote, universal-suffrage democracy for Africans, Asians and Europeans, with the right in the long term to independence and self-determination. As a statement of aim, this is politically and morally unchallengeable. It could, of course, be challenged by violence; and, as the dreadful lesson of Algeria shows, violence does not remain one-sided.

It is the prime responsibility of Britain, which still in the last resort exercises the power in Kenya, to ensure that an Algerian solution is never allowed to become the alternative to Kenyan democracy. And this we can do only if we recognise explicitly that the development of Kenya must be a progressive 'taking over' by the African majority, and that the settlers—as the Asians—must look forward to a future in which their privileges, both economic and political, will be limited to the rights of individual citizenship in a free country. It is childish to imagine that all this will happen overnight or easily; but it is essential to acknowledge the trend now, for the decisions taken this year will affect the course of events a generation hence. To begin with, the British political parties owe it to the settlers and to those who now contemplate settling to warn them frankly what the future holds: it is no good paying lip service to constitutional abstractions, if economic power, for instance, is being progressively concentrated in the hands of the white minority. Indeed political opportunity and economic helotry can form the most explosive combination of all. Similarly, the Colonial Office must accept that its duty is to foster African political organisations, not to discourage them.

The responsibility for judging all this rightly, for setting up the targets in Kenya, lies heavily on the Labour Party. Nobody can reasonably deny that Mr Lennox-Boyd has been generally an enlightened Colonial Secretary by Tory standards; but his constitutional plan for Kenya gives one no reason to think that he is reconciled to that change of status for the settlers which alone can bring peace and freedom to Kenya. Already the African members of the Legislative Council have rejected the plan. They understand that Lennox-Boyd and Lyttelton are at one in this respect: both see constitution-making as a means of throwing a sop to the national aspirations of six million Africans, while preserving the essential privileges of 30,000 wealthy Europeans. Labour must start by affirming that this is an equation which in the long run will not work out.

Comments on the Week's News

Pittance for Pensioners

The only retirement pensioners who will receive the full 10s. increase are those – and they are a minority – who draw neither National Assistance nor the tobacco coupons which are now to be cancelled. The adjustment in Assistance rates means that the net increase for those who are in greatest need will be at most 5s. a week, and the loss of the tobacco concession reduces even this small total by another 2s. 4d. The government, therefore, is giving the pensioners a shameful pittance. In itself, this would be bad enough. But the increase in contribution, is proportionately much greater: Mr Boyd-Carpenter has seized this chance to raise the regressive poll-tax whereby pensions are now financed, and he has thus abandoned any pretence that there is any actuarial relationship between contributions and benefits. The last link with the original Beveridge concept of national insurance has now been broken. This is no longer insurance in any form, but a means of shifting the growing burden of flat-rate pensions increasingly on to the employed population – and making that burden relatively heavier for the lowest-paid workers. The Exchequer is not to carry the increased cost. It is, indeed, going to reduce its outlay at once. For the increase in the 'supplement' that it pays into the Insurance Fund is exactly cancelled out by the cut in the 'grant' which would otherwise have been required to meet the current deficit: at the same time, the higher contributions and the saving on the tobacco concession will yield a surplus which will cover the increase in war pensions and leave the Treasury with a 'profit' of at least £8m. in the first year. Pensions have thus been brought wholly within the Chancellor's control, to be manipulated as he pleases. No more convincing proof of the collapse of the Beveridge system could be offered. There is no way of reforming this system short of something like the Labour Party's plan for an immediate increase in the basic pension together with a wage-related superannuation scheme. For flat-rate pensions have pushed the flat-rate contribution as high as it can go for anyone earning under £12 a week – and that group includes most of the working-class.

Employers versus Unions

A newly published study of this year's engineering strike by H. A. Clegg and Rex Adams (*The Employers' Challenge*. Basil Blackwell. 21s.) is directly relevant to the question on which domestic politics will hinge this winter. Are the employers determined to force a showdown with the unions, and does the government intend to support them? This book makes it quite clear that this was the employers' intention in the winter of 1956-7, and that the employers believed that the government would back them in refusing to make concessions. For this reason, they refused to make any offer at all in the engineering and shipbuilding trades, and the responsibility for the strike – as this journal insisted at the time – undoubtedly lay with them. Their real purpose was to promote a trial of strength to test whether they, rather than the unions, should determine the government's wage policy. In this, as the authors point out, they made a serious miscalculation. Between the decision to stand firm, taken after they assumed that the government would be their ally, and the actual strike lay the Suez crisis. Economically and politically, the government was much weaker than it had been six months earlier, and when the test came the government first showed it had no stomach for the fight by granting increases in nationalised industries, and then actively intervened to promote a settlement. It now seems that the balance struck last April is to be challenged again. This time, however, the government seems much more determined to back the employers, and it has begun by standing firm in the nationalised sector, and by accepting the view of the business world that the primary cause of inflation lies in wage increases. Another crisis seems to be in the making because of another serious miscalculation. Not only is this view of the causes of inflation open to doubt, as Dr Balogh pointed out in our last issue, but it is equally doubtful whether the cure for inflation lies in so weakening the unions that an effective wage-freeze is imposed. If it is a cure, it will be a cure only at the price of a crippling cut in both investment, output and employment. Mr Clegg and Mr Adams rightly point out that even if the employers have now managed to convert the government into a rather more reliable ally, 'they should consider the difficulties which will face the government if it does join with them . . . when it comes to the point the government may once more find that it has undertaken a task beyond its strength'. This is a serious warning.

Squaring Aden's Yard-arm

There have been three important developments in the Aden area in the past week; the upgrading of the Aden base to a command HQ for the Arabian area; a crucial amendment to the 1955 Aden Colony constitution; and the opening of talks in London with the Yemen. All three are closely connected. The decision to extend the military role of Aden – at any rate for the next few years – has made a settlement both of the constitutional *impasse* within the colony, and of the boundary dispute with the Yemen, far more urgent. The moderate Aden nationalists have, so far, confined their demands to parity of elected members on the Legislative Council; and the government's adamant refusal to concede this has, in recent years, played into the hands of the Sons of the South, the extreme nationalists, who demand the immediate end of British rule. The new constitution meets the demands of the moderates by providing for 12 elected, five *ex officio* and six nominated members, together with a nominated Speaker. It should, therefore, go a long way towards restoring stability within the colony. In the protectorates, however, the situation is much more difficult. The 1934 Treaty of Sana, whereby Yemen and Britain agree to maintain the *status quo* frontier at the date of signature, proved ineffective; and a further agreement, in 1951, for a mixed boundary commission was never carried out. From mid-1955, Yemen troops began to make incursions into the western protectorate, and in the ensuing year – during which British forces remained inactive – many protectorate tribes switched their allegiance to Yemen. Early this year, Britain resorted to strong-arm tactics, including the bombing of Yemen troops and frontier villages, and the Yemen forces finally withdrew in September. The London talks are, therefore, a logical sequel to a successful campaign; but it is doubtful whether any agreement which results from them will really alter the frontier situation. In this part of the world, Britain is engaged in peaceful competition with Russia; last year, Yemen received £3 million of Soviet arms and goods, while British subsidies to the protectorates amounted to £1 million. Official opinion in Aden is unanimous that this total must be increased if British influence is to remain paramount. But an alternative – which the British taxpayer, if not the Foreign Office, might find more attractive – would be to convert the protectorates into a UN Trusteeship Territory, possibly under joint Anglo-Yemen mandate.

After Castillo Armas

Guatemala has been out of the world's headlines since 1954, when Colonel Castillo Armas – with Washington's support – overthrew the 'Communist' but democratically elected government of President Arbenz. Castillo Armas, however, was not a great success. The economic situation was bad, and he ruled by terror: in the last months before he was assassinated in July this year, even his former backers in Washington had developed serious misgivings about his regime. With his death, the situation became more fluid. At the end of October, his successors staged an election designed to keep Castillo's Democratic National Movement in power. But its candidate, Ortiz Passarelli, was heavily defeated in the capital, and he managed to secure a nominal majority only by manipulating the rural votes. At this point, an opposition coalition of the right, centre and left, took to the streets in support of the opposition candidate, General Ydigoras Fuentes. After three days of rioting, an army junta took power, and promised to hold new elections. This was not what Ydigoras wanted: a man of the right who fears that a genuine election might permit the left to make a comeback, he met the junta – in the presence of the US military and air attachés as 'neutral observers' – to ask for a recount which would make him president. The officers turned down his request, and declared for a new election. It is far from certain how this election will go, or whether the army leaders are prepared to hold the ring for a recovery by the left groups suppressed after the coup of 1954. But it is reported from Guatemala City that many of the former associates of Arbenz have returned from exile in Mexico, San Salvador, Chile and Costa Rica. Among them are trade union and peasant leaders, as well as several ministers in the last Arbenz Cabinet. What will the US do if, once again, Guatemala votes for a left coalition which includes Communists and fellow-travellers?

Second Thoughts in Ghana

Publication of the new Emergency Powers Bill reveals an important victory for the spirit of parliamentary democracy in Ghana. The bill ties executive action more closely to parliamentary sanction than ever before in the history of that country. Under its terms parliament must be summoned within ten days of the declaration of a general emergency, while the government will have to lay before it all regulations made under emergency powers. Such regulations will lose their force unless they receive parliamentary approval within 28 days. The government is specifically prevented from either suspending the constitution or extending the life of parliament. In reshaping the present emergency powers the

Ghana Cabinet meticulously preserves parliamentary control. In view of the public threats made recently by Mr Krobo Edusei, Minister of the Interior, which have included the introduction of a bill giving him the widest powers to deport opponents to any remote part of Ghana and to set up special courts, the bill now published clearly reveals a strong democratic feeling within the Cabinet. By implication Mr Edusei's dangerous statements have been disowned. All friends of Ghana, in Africa and in other continents, will rejoice at this evidence that Dr Nkrumah has listened to his wisest advisers.

Apartheid for Nurses

One of the less-publicised idiocies of the South African racialists has been an Act passed this year to introduce *apartheid* into the nursing profession. A Miss Nothard, who gave evidence to a select committee on behalf of the South African Nursing Association, insisted that Non-Europeans should be retained in the Association on the grounds that 'we are trying to teach them the ethics and standards of nursing because they have not got that background. They are ready to go back to the savage'. The Act, in fact, compels them to belong – though they are not represented on the Council of the Association nor can they vote in Council elections – but it requires them to wear different uniforms and to take a different syllabus; they are not to give orders even to white nurses who are junior to them. Why, then, insist that they must be members of the Association? The answer seems to be that if they were excluded, the South African Association might cease to be eligible for membership of the International Council of Nursing. At the recent Congress of the ICN some delegates insisted that the South African affiliate was not a proper representative body, and that this new *apartheid* measure violated the ICN's code of ethics. And, at the beginning of this month, a conference of nurses in Johannesburg – opened by Father Huddleston's colleague, Father M. Jarrett-Kerr – declared that the South African Association was unrepresentative and decided to form a new body which would apply for membership of the ICN. This is an interesting case. For it raises a principle which may apply to other international organisations. If South African affiliates exclude or discriminate against part of the potential membership, will the white minority be accepted as representative of South Africa?

News from Our Own Correspondents

Moscow

The Zhukov Story

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: The humble position occupied by the brass-hats on the Lenin Mausoleum during last week's ceremonies, in such marked contrast with the places they occupied last May Day, symbolised what is probably the real significance of the fall of Zhukov – the integration of the general staff into the system of monolithic party control where statesmen, industrial chiefs and intellectuals have already taken their places. The political administration of the armed forces, which, under General Zheltov, is in effect a department of the Central Committee, has been in conflict with the ex-Minister of Defence ever since, shortly after taking office, he relieved thousands of political officers from their posts. Many of these men went to the new state and collective farms that were then being organised on virgin lands and it may have seemed to the party leadership that the gain in civilian life more than offset the loss in political control within the armed forces. But since then the depoliticisation of the army moved very fast. The party channels between Communists in the armed forces and the political administration were blocked. The forces isolated themselves, and in many parts of the country were as separated from the local population and local affairs as if they were on duty in a foreign land. The army press grew increasingly professional in character and paid little attention to the problems being treated in the central 'political' newspaper and journals. The general staff used its own publishing house to issue books on current affairs, including translations of foreign works, whose circulation was strictly confined to senior-ranking officers. The Minister of Culture has now revealed that, under Zhukov's leadership, the army was seeking to commission its own feature films, and that they were heavily tinged with the Zhukov 'personality cult'. It was therefore quite logical that, in pursuit of its policy of establishing total party control, the political leadership, with which the Central Committee is becoming more closely and more actively associated, should turn to the problem of re-establishing control over the armed forces. That this would involve a tussle with Zhukov must have been foreseen, for it was on the question of political control of the armed forces that Zhukov is thought to have lost his seat in the Central Committee in 1946. (Only now, incidentally, has it become generally known that he had been co-opted to the Central Committee during the war.)

Perhaps it was during the events of last June, when Zhukov's support was being actively canvassed by both sides in the political struggle, that Krushchev and his supporters in the Presidium realised how stiff this tussle was going to be. It is reported that, during the furious debate that led to the defeat of the 'anti-party group', one of Molotov's supporters expressed his curiosity about the attitude of the forces of the military police under General Serov in the event of a change in the party leadership. Whereupon, the report runs, Zhukov intervened with the remark that not a single tank could move in the Soviet Union except on *his* orders. He based himself, no doubt, on the decree issued shortly after the removal of Beria, which placed the forces of the military police under the Ministry of Defence. Nevertheless in its context – at a crucial moment of political struggle – the intervention contained an implication of Zhukov's potential power that must have shaped the attitude of the political leadership towards him and which persuaded them that it would be safer to deal the actual blow at a time when Zhukov was abroad.

Yet is there any evidence that Zhukov was a potential Bonapartist? Strange to say, he was never popular enough in the army itself to have been able to lead it into intervention in the field of politics: he was too strict a disciplinarian, he isolated himself too much from his military colleagues to command much of a personal following. It is significant that no charge of forming a faction was laid against him. As for his potential appeal to the masses, it could have been effective only in circumstances of grave danger of war. The crisis of *vozhdism* (leadership) which has existed since Stalin's death is a psychological state which the party leadership is trying to resolve by delegating power and responsibility, by decentralisation of control; there are no signs that the public at large wishes to resolve that crisis by accepting the leadership of a military man. On the other hand, for his colleagues in the party Presidium, Zhukov possessed power and influence in a field about which they are particularly sensitive: he was in a position to block the party's political work throughout a highly disciplined army. And if, as we are now being told, his attitude in the Presidium was sometimes oppositional and his views on both foreign and domestic affairs 'adventuristic', then it must have been particularly galling for Krushchev to find the way barred to the party propagandists' attempts to counteract those views.

Zhukov is reported to have accepted the verdict with a docility unusual for him, thanking even his fellow marshals for their 'comradely criticism'. Understandably he did not exercise his right to appear at the jubilee session of the Supreme Soviet, as Kaganovich and Shepilov did. And only time will show whether his pride will allow him to accept a military appointment 'according to his experience and qualifications' under his former subordinate Malinovsky.

Rome

Pasternak and 'Dr Zivago'

Bruce Renton writes: The Milanese publisher Giangiacomo Feltrinelli, is about to launch an important book, *Dr Zivago*, by the very distinguished Russian writer and poet, Boris Pasternak. Feltrinelli himself believes that the work will prove to be the most important piece of prose to come out of Russia since Tolstoy. The work will probably cause even more stir than Dudintsev's *Not by Bread Alone*, if only for the fact that the Soviet authorities have now banned its publication in the Soviet Union and have attempted to prevent its being published in the West. It recounts the lives of the liberal bourgeoisie who sympathised with the Bolshevik revolution and their vicissitudes in Soviet society.

The book was to have come out in Italy simultaneously with the publication of the original in the USSR. Then the Russians changed their minds. Mr Surkov, President of the Union of Soviet Writers, delivered violent attacks on Pasternak, and the work was branded as counter-revolutionary. (Yet it was Ehrenburg who once said, referring to Pasternak: 'If all the world became one stretch of asphalt, eventually a crack would appear somewhere and the grass would begin to grow again'.) By this time, however, Feltrinelli had gone ahead with his preparations for publication in Italy, and informed the Russians that he did not intend to stop. A telegram duly arrived from Boris Pasternak requesting him to suspend publication. The Soviet embassy in Italy, together with the cultural officials of the CP, begged him to cease publication, but to no avail, and in a few days time the book will see the light of western Europe. An English publisher has an agreement with Feltrinelli to publish an English translation in the Spring.

The position of Feltrinelli is interesting. He is officially a member of the Italian CP, but for a long time has disagreed with the party leaders on various points of policy. The revisionist trends of Communism in northern Italy centre around Feltrinelli, much of whose publishing activity aims at illuminating the Italian left on those subjects

which the party officials would often like to keep dark. An example of this was Feltrinelli's recent publication of the *Acts of the Eighth Plenum of the Polish Workers Party* (Gomulka's famous anti-Stalinist speeches). The Feltrinelli Institute in Milan is, moreover, one of the most important centres of Marxist studies in Europe, and, as such, has not escaped the notice of the Marx-Engels Institute in the USSR. Feltrinelli is at present preparing the first complete bibliography of Marx and Engels, and is in possession of numerous hitherto unpublished letters and documents.

Peking

The Road to Damascus

A Student of the Chinese Press writes: Sputnik 1 was probably as great a surprise to Mao Tse-tung as it was to President Eisenhower. It was observed over Shanghai, Canton, Peking and its signals were heard in Lhasa. It flew into outer space when the Chinese press was busily building up the 40th anniversary of the Russian Revolution with pictorial exhibitions and special messages, when Mao was preparing to leave for Moscow and David Oistrakh was giving five encores for his first performance in Peking. The Chinese compared his violin technique to a 'flawless piece of jade'. The Chinese press lost no time in pointing the moral of 'baby moon'. This was not accidental, the *Ta Kung Pao* commented. 'It provides outstanding proof of the incomparable superiority of the Soviet system.' 'Now that the Soviet Union has successfully developed the inter-continental ballistic missile and artificial earth satellite ahead of the US, all American hopes for world hegemony are shattered.' The *Jen Min Jih Pao* stated: 'The US is destined to lag behind the Soviet Union. Capitalism has become rotten and Socialism is as glowing with vitality as the rising sun'.

Any basic differences between Chinese and Soviet policy were never more demonstrably wishfulfilment than in China's recently acquired interest in the Middle East. When signs of tension appeared in Syria, the *Jen Min Jih Pao* editorially, and at great length, analysed it as the growing struggle between the forces of colonialism and anti-colonialism. The Bandung conference – the Chinese refer to it as the Russians used to refer to the League against Imperialism conference at Brussels in 1926 – was cited as the inspiration of national independence movements in Asia and Africa. Egypt and Syria had given an excellent proof of their firmness in applying the principles of Bandung. American policy in the Middle East was explained as part of the 'extremely serious inter-imperialist struggle'. Meanwhile, in Damascus, the Chinese ambassador called on Premier Assali, conveyed his sympathy and full support to the Syrian people and government in their fight against colonialism. The Eisenhower doctrine was described by the ambassador as an 'aggressive plot aimed at interfering in Syria's internal affairs'. A month later on 17 October Mao Tse-tung sent a message to President Kuwatly: 'At a time when the US is pushing Turkey to carry out provocations against Syria in a plot to start a war of aggression, I reiterate the firm stand of the government and the people of China to support resolutely the just struggle of the Syrian people to defend independence and peace'. The *Kuang Ming Jih Pao* congratulated the Egyptian government on sending troops to reinforce Syria's defence.

How well the Chinese know how to use art for political purposes. At the height of tension in the Middle East, a Chinese acrobatic art troupe was in Damascus and Syrian ministers turned up in force to see them. In Peking a succession of Syrian visitors gave point to Chinese policy in the Middle East. A six-man delegation of Syrian journalists led by the chief of the information department of the Foreign Affairs Ministry was fêted and welcomed by Mao Tse-tung. 'The people of the whole world support you in your struggle,' he told them; 'people are elated to see the unity between Egypt, Syria and Saudi Arabia. All the Arab peoples should unite'. After the journalists, the students. In Peking, 5,000 college students welcomed the Syrian delegation and carried them on their shoulders from the entrance of Peking University to the meeting hall, where the Chinese told their guests they could always count them as their 'most loyal friends and brothers'. To these expressions of support must be added that of the trade unions in China, who telegraphed to the Syrians: 'The Chinese workers are exceedingly indignant over the US imperialists' intrigues and acts of aggression against Syria'. Finally, a China-Syrian Friendship Association was set up in Peking and a Syrian Friendship Association in Damascus. Praising the friendship between Syria and China, the Syrian Defence Minister said in Damascus that both countries faced a common enemy, imperialism. Their common aim was to preserve their sovereignty and independence. At the Chinese end, Chou En-lai said that the Chinese people 'regarded the Syrian people's struggle as their own and the Syrian people's victory as their own victory'. When Mao Tse-tung arrived at Moscow airport, he voiced the same sentiments. He had no illusions that Mr Krushchev's cocktail drinking with the Turkish ambassador had changed the party line on the Middle East.

Westminster

Harold and Oliver

When Sir Leslie Plummer called his question on Tuesday few people inside or outside the House had any idea of what was to come. Most opposition members had begun to forget about the alleged Bank rate leak. Since the government had flatly refused an inquiry and since Mr Harold Wilson himself, though mentioning it again in a recent speech, had seemed disinclined to press further, it seemed that nothing more could be done. As for the Conservatives, they greeted Plummer with the slightly bored jeers reserved for those who appear to be stirring stagnant water simply for the pleasure of looking at mud. But when, in a supplementary, Plummer mentioned the name of Mr Oliver Poole, the whole question again became front-rank politics.

From the very beginning smoke has risen from this subject, smoke which, originally, was spotted in the City and not in the House of Commons. It was only after questions had been asked in the Stock Exchange and in the financial columns of the press that the politicians pricked up their ears. That was all the more reason why the Prime Minister should at once have set up an independent inquiry to see if there was any genuine fire. Such an inquiry could have settled the matter in a few days. Suspicion would either have been dissipated or confirmed; and, if the latter, the necessary disciplinary action could have been taken. Mr Macmillan seems to have been entirely insensitive to all this. Indeed to persist in his obstinate refusal up to the point where the arrow of suspicion was aimed at the luckless and defenceless Poole was perhaps his biggest piece of political silliness to date.

. . . . they only fade away

Why was he so slow? One might think that a Conservative Prime Minister would be anxious to show at least as much concern for public rectitude as a Labour Prime Minister. But this particular Prime Minister does not, I think, take either his office or parliament or the business of governing very seriously. To him it's all a pleasant game, slightly old fashioned no doubt, and none the less diverting for that; and one rule that must at all costs be observed in this game is that of sticking by your subordinates. Hold to that, and you can go on playing the game till the end of term. Hence, when Sir David Eccles is indiscreet enough to reveal the Chancellor's intentions about entertainments tax, the Prime Minister does not dismiss him or even rebuke him. He just looks after him and the supporters behind shout 'Good old Harold'.

This slightly contemptuous approach to the House of Commons, this belief that at best it is no more than an arena where fencing masters exercise their skill, while the real power is exercised elsewhere, is I think ingrained in Mr Macmillan and in a considerable section of his followers. It probably explains his long refusal to take the alleged Bank rate leak seriously. But it may no longer serve him as well as it has done in the past.

The fact is that the Prime Minister has lost considerable credit over the Bank rate incident. Despite Tuesday afternoon's jeers, few members felt comfortable that justice had been seen to be done; and by Tuesday evening the pressure on Mr Macmillan from his own side was considerable. The doubters were becoming vocal. On Wednesday afternoon, Mr Poole's letter forced the Prime Minister's hand. Once the victim had asked for his name to be cleared, it was impossible to refuse the inquiry which Harold Wilson and Hugh Gaitskell had earlier demanded. Now that Mr Macmillan has given way, he has got the very worst of both worlds – both his credit and his judgment stand impaired.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Lords, Ladies and Reactionaries

WHETHER by accident or design, the whole question of Lords reform has become dangerously confused. The Upper House, as usual, is sick, and remedies are being touted around like patent medicines. Lord Salisbury wants a second chamber selected by a committee of elderly Establishmentarians. The Bishop of Chichester wants to include Moderators, Catholic prelates and Rabbis. The government itself proposes life peers and peeresses. Faced with this plenitude of panaceas, Labour's reaction has been equally incoherent. Many, like Lord Pakenham, want an elective Upper House. Even more want to abolish it altogether. Some – particularly among older Labour MPs – view the creation of life peerages with complacency, not to say anticipation. With such divided counsels behind him, Mr Gaitskell's pronouncement last week was, not unnaturally, obscure. He seemed to be putting forward three principles: (1) no independent elections for an upper chamber; (2) no hereditary basis; (3) no power to overrule the Commons. He stated, in short, what Labour would *not* agree to; but he did not make it clear whether the party will support, or oppose, the present government proposals.

Labour's difficulty is obvious enough. The party is unanimously opposed to any change, either in composition or powers, which would increase the Lords' ability to block progressive legislation passed by the Commons. At the same time, being unable to agree on any positive reform – including outright abolition – which would meet this overriding condition, it is understandably hesitant about opposing such tinkerings with the present structure as can be represented as 'progressive'. To put it bluntly, most Labour MPs would like to see the Lords die a natural death under the weight of its own absurdities. But they cannot defend such a position publicly.

Hence, they are falling victims to a cautious and deliberate thin-end-of-the-wedge policy. In the matter of Lords reform, the Tories may be divided on the means, but they are united on the ends. Even if it means sacrificing the hereditary principle, they are determined to fortify the Lords as a barrier to radical legislation; then, if they lose the next election, they will still possess a formidable Trojan Horse within the legislative machinery. Already, in the last session, they won a preliminary skirmish by securing Labour's agreement – in exchange for the mess of pottage of a rise in members' salaries – to the payment of expenses to peers. Now, cleverly exploiting the divisions in Labour's ranks, they may succeed in partly rationalising the Lords' composition by the introduction of life peerages; for, unless Labour decides to fight the new proposals all along the line – including boycotting their application – they will certainly become law. Such tactical victories amount, cumulatively, to a strategic triumph: every minor change which helps to persuade the public that the Lords exist by virtue of merit and not of birth, automatically increases their freedom to use the obstructionary powers *which they already possess*.

For this, surely, is the crux. To talk of a sinister Tory conspiracy to increase the power of the Lords is nonsense, for the simple reason that they do not need further powers to perform the function the Tories have in mind. Under the present system, they can effectively reduce the legislative span of a Labour government from five to not much more than three years. Of course, on the basis of the Salisbury principle, Lords opposition to measures duly passed by the Commons is impractical, and certainly impolitic, except when public opinion is known to be opposed to them. Such a category, however, can embrace a wide variety of legislation. Nobody doubts that the next Labour government, if it is to carry through the structural reforms to which the party is already committed, may be obliged to pass legislation, or assume emergency powers, which, though ultimately aimed at a fairer distribution of wealth, may, initially, be widely resented in the country. The Lords, as at present constituted, even if it reflects public opinion, may hesitate to use its obstructionary powers; and if it does, Labour will have fewer doubts about resorting to the machinery of the Parliament Act. But obstruction by a reformed chamber, composed of apparently representative peers, could shake Labour's determination to carry out its mandate.

In short, Labour must resolutely oppose any reform of the personnel of the Lords which does not also include a curtailment of its powers. It need not take a stand on outright abolition. It can be argued that the business of the Commons has increased so rapidly in recent years that a revisionary second chamber has a useful role to play, as in Norway. But if this argument is accepted, it must be reflected in the terms of the proposed reforms, by transforming the Lords from a legislative into a revisionary body. To perform its functions effectively, the Lords would not need to possess powers any wider than those of the Commons during the committee stage of a Bill: that is, the right to propose and carry amendments within the terms of the Long Title. With such powers, the Lords would be enabled to correct imperfections caused by haste, whilst leaving the purpose of the Bill inviolate.

Once this principle is accepted – and Labour should settle for nothing less – the composition of the Lords falls into its proper perspective; for, having reformed its functions on a utilitarian and rational basis, it would be absurd to recruit its personnel on a hereditary – or even non-representational – one. Britain is full – too full – of elderly and influential men who have never stood for elective office. They will be only too anxious to storm a reformed Upper House, just as they have already annexed the higher strata of the BBC, ITA and the nationalised industries. Labour, therefore, should hesitate a long time before accepting any formula which provides further comfort to the Establishment. To regard the Lords, or for that matter the monarchy, as mere constitutional abstractions, whose influence declines *pari passu* with the reduction of their powers, is dangerously naive. One of the most astonishing and disturbing phenomena of post-war Britain is the resiliency of the class system, despite the progressive lowering of the economic barriers which created it. Labour has signally failed to break down the hierarchical structure of British society because it has hesitated to tamper with the foundations on which it is built: the monarchy, the Lords and the public schools. Hence Labour is now failing to harness the rising frustration of the younger generation – the revolt against hypocrisy, obscurantism and privilege – because they no longer believe, and with some reason, that the party has the will or the courage to bring about fundamental social change. Lords reform, therefore, is much more than a minor constitutional issue; it is a test of Labour's faltering claim to represent the progressive and radical forces of the nation.

No Deluge in Sight

FRENCH politics are very like a round-the-clock cinema show. At more or less regular intervals, more or less identical situations are repeated. Each programme lasts, as a rule, five years – the interval between general elections. From time to time the names of the leading actors change, and so does the area where the French army is occupied in 'defending the interests of the Republic'. But the scenario is always the same: a shift, to begin with, to right or left, then a general regrouping round *les vieilles formations républicaines* under the slogan 'wait and see'. The history of the three post-war parliaments follows this script with astonishing exactitude.

In 1946, the Left won the elections, and the first government formed was dominated by the Socialists with the participation and support of the Communists. But within a few years, through a series of Cabinet crises, the government slid inexorably towards the centre. The last two premiers of that parliament, Queuille and Pleven, were both coalition experts, and most of their ministers came from the Radicals and the MRP. In the 1951 election, the Right made substantial gains, and in the first government formed there were 13 Moderates. But by the end of the parliament, a Radical, Edgar Faure, was once more

premier, presiding over a centre-right coalition, dominated by the Radicals and MRP.

In the 1956 elections, the Left again made gains. The electorate voted for peace in Algeria and social reform. The Communists, Socialists and left Radicals controlled the new Chamber, and Mollet's government, which initially had the support of the Communists, was essentially of the left. But the situation lasted only a few months. In June, with the resignation of Mendès-France, the pendulum began to swing to the centre-left, and a year later the movement was accelerated with the formation of the Bourgès-Maunoury government. A fortnight ago – following the usual pattern – M. Gaillard formed a government based on the sacred formula of national union, and the ministries have again been distributed among the Radicals and MRP. The familiar figures have emerged once more: Pflimlin (Finance), Lecourt (Justice), Bourgès-Maunoury (Interior), Chaban-Delmas (Defence), Bacon (Labour). The flavour of the ministry is essentially the same as the Queuille and Faure governments, except in one respect: the Socialists still have a foot in the door, and conserve all the ministries dealing with external affairs.

Some observers, however, argue that the character of a French government is determined not so much by the composition of the Cabinet as by the personality of the premier. Gaillard is not merely younger than Queuille, he is the youngest premier in the history of the Republic. Able, even brilliant, a good speaker, he is totally unlike the colourless and dogged Laniel, and has, it would seem, more scruples and courage than Faure. Without challenging his merits, however, I believe that his government will be just as *immobiliste* as those of his three predecessors. A premier who has to spend his time conciliating his ministers and manufacturing majorities has no alternative but to keep quiet himself and do nothing. Gaillard was congratulated on his investiture speech, and duly received his 337 votes, because he said nothing and therefore antagonised nobody. He knows perfectly well that, if his government is to last more than a few weeks, it must be based on the lowest common denominator of agreement. Hence his curious formula for an inter-party advisory committee, which will meet each time there is a cabinet squabble. This will, of course, solve nothing: it will merely transfer cabinet disagreements to the wider sphere of the Chamber.

Indeed, the disputes between the parties have in no way been diminished by their agreement to participate in a government of national union. A few days before it was formed, M. Mollet said publicly that 'the French right is the stupidest in the world', while the right replied with the old axiom of Jacques Bainville: 'one drop of Socialist policy is enough to sink the currency'. This polemic is being carried on in the press and the lobbies of the Assembly, for no agreement, even on a minimum programme, has been reached between the government parties. It is fairly safe to predict, therefore, that the new government will be both paralysed and short-lived; but it is also a safe bet that Gaillard's successor will be a man of the centre, too, and that he will lead a very similar coalition. The logic of the French scenario leaves little room for surprises.

Faced with this situation, French political commentators are split into two groups: the pessimists and the cynics. The first group argues that things cannot go on in this way. If they are of the left, they prophesy a Bonapartist *coup d'état*, leading to a right-wing dictatorship (with De Gaulle as its least objectionable occupant), while those on the right forecast a wave of strikes, leading to a new Popular Front, and culminating in a Communist take-over as in Czechoslovakia. The cynics, on the other hand, argue that the Republic 'has seen it all before', and that the regime will muddle through as it always has done.

I am inclined to agree with the cynics. France's difficulties, of course, are formidable. The Algerian war is now costing £700 million a year, none of which is covered by US aid. This is reflected in the balance of payments deficit, the huge budgetary deficit, and the rising tide of inflation. But the situation is by no means tragic. *On ne prête qu'aux riches.* In the views of her allies, France is not yet expendable; and the Americans like French governments which are built on the Gaillard 'national union' formula. Gaillard is expected to ask for, and receive, a credit of $162 million from the International Monetary Fund, and $200 million from the World Bank. Through EPU he will get a further German loan, carefully camouflaged so as not to offend French feelings. The budget deficit can be reduced by some tax increases and a public loan.

Of course, these are palliatives rather than solutions. Foreign loans and an increase in the national debt merely put off the evil day of reckoning, as Gaillard well knows – indeed, he said as much when he was Finance Minister under Bourgès-Maunoury. He knows that the Algerian war, which holds the key to the economic situation, can never end in an outright French victory. But budgetary economies of whatever kind, as he discovered when he was in the Rue de Rivoli, will be rejected by either the Right or the Left, and will bring down his government. Why worry about what is likely to happen in an unforeseeable future situation, with which, in any case, he himself is unlikely to be called upon to deal?

A few weeks ago I had lunch with a Socialist friend who, thanks to M. Mollet, has now become a VIP. At the beginning of the meal, he enlarged upon the lamentable state of the economy. Then, at some length, he elaborated the steps which had now become urgent and necessary. Over dessert he explained why none of them could be taken. Taken aback by his impeccable logic, I asked him what, therefore, he thought would happen. 'Nothing', he replied, '*La République a encore beaucoup de graisse et elle peut en vivre*'.

This attitude is common to most Frenchmen. They find it hard to take politics seriously. What goes on at the Palais Bourbon is, to them, very like a play. Over an *apéritif* or a cup of coffee, they may criticise an individual performance, or even complain of the monotony of the dialogue; but nobody is really concerned about the danger that the entire theatre might burst into flames. Political experts explain that this apathy is the logical consequence of the parliamentary mechanism, itself a product of the split in the left vote, which virtually excludes a majority of the industrial working class – the CP voters – from any participation in the political life of the nation. Correct, no doubt, but by no means new; and there is nothing in the present situation which suggests an impending change in a pattern which has been followed for many years.

Paris K. S. KAROL

Britain and the Nuclear Bombs

Heavy demand has necessitated a second printing of the reprint of J. B. Priestley's article from the* NEW STATESMAN *of 2 November. Copies of this leaflet are now again available from the Publisher, 10 Great Turnstile, London WC1 (HOL 8471) at these bulk rates (post free):

100 for 25s., 50 for 13s., 12 for 3s. 6d.

London Diary

DR EDITH BONE, author of *Seven Years Solitary*, tells me that she will deal with her lurid Communist past in another book; this one is not a political book, but an addition to the great library of prison literature. It describes how she kept her sanity during seven years of solitary confinement in Budapest, six months of it spent in total darkness. Imaginative persons nowadays must ask themselves what they would do with their minds in solitary confinement. Edith Bone had certain advantages. Unlike Paul Ignotus and many other victims of the Rakosi dictatorship, she was not physically tortured. She decided from the outset that she would not brood on her past or present misery or have hope for the future. So she 'played the goat' with her jailers, never giving in to them even though they punished her by putting her into an ice-cold, dark cellar, from which they only released her when they feared that she would die. Her other advantages were her ability to enjoy solving mathematical problems, making up and memorising doggerel, her Marxist training, which made her a match for her inquisitors, and her apparently inexhaustible capacity for finding amusement in the least amusing of situations. One day she found a nail deeply embedded in her prison door; she extracted threads from towels, and in the course of weeks (because she knew all about knots) constructed a rope which she tied on to the nail and pulled. In time she got the nail loose, turned it into a bradawl by sharpening it on the stone floor, and worked a chink between two planks in the door, so that she could spy on her jailers when they thought they were spying on her. She also discovered just how much she had been deceived about Communist Russia when, in the latter part of her confinement, she was set to translate Russian handbooks for the benefit of Hungarian Communists. Her book, believe it or not, is *fun* to read. Edith Bone now lives in an English village, rides about in a bubble-car, is unembittered and apparently unremorseful. She suffers, she says, only from 'having had too many birthdays'.

* * *

It was not a new agreement that was signed in Delhi last week between the Indian Secretary to the Cabinet and Russia's Deputy Minister of Heavy Industry. It merely specified how the long term credit the Soviet Union offered India a year ago would be spent. The credit of about £45 million has a rate of interest of 2½ per cent. and will be repayable in annual instalments. The important point is that in South Bihar the Russians will now help to erect a heavy machine and building plant which will enable India for the first time to manufacture her own machinery for iron and steel work. It also means there will be more Russian technicians in India, and that her second five-year plan will be more dependent on the Soviet Union. Whose fault is that? Certainly not that of Mr Krishnamachari, India's Finance Minister, who has been trying in vain to raise a loan from the western world. I suppose he would have got it if he had offered naval and air bases.

* * *

'The hard fact is that injustice is the guiding principle of authority.' I quote from the second pamphlet, *A Year With the Secret Police*, just issued by the Campaign for the Limitation of Secret Police Powers (1s. From 28 Broadway SW1); and a powerfully written and highly dis-

An artist's impression of the nuclear power station being built at Bradwell, Essex

Nuclear Power will work for us all

In the next decade millions of pounds will be spent in developing Britain's national electricity supply; on generation; on extending the Grid and Supergrid systems of main transmission lines; and on strengthening and extending existing distribution networks. This expansion is essential if Britain's future prosperity is to be safeguarded.

An important part of the expansion plan is the construction of enough nuclear power stations to provide 5 to 6 million kilowatts of power. But nuclear power stations cannot be built just anywhere. They must be near a very large water supply; they need very firm foundations to support the abnormally heavy weight of the nuclear reactors and associated plant; and, for economic reasons, they must be fairly close to the load to be supplied.

Because of this, and the fact that about 40% of total electricity consumption is in the southern half of the country, most of the nuclear power stations will be sited away from the major coalfields. The vast quantities of cooling water needed are rarely available elsewhere than on the coast or large estuaries. The existence of adequate foundations at possible sites can only be proved by trial borings.

Power stations, however, whether of nuclear or conventional type, are of no use without some means of getting the electricity to the consumer; and under modern conditions this means the Grid and Supergrid. Planned since the war to reinforce the 132,000 volt Grid, the 275,000 volt Supergrid will be a complementary part of Britain's nuclear power drive, connecting power stations to supply points feeding the distribution network.

The Grid and Supergrid lines are the outward and visible signs of the rejuvenation of Britain's power arteries. They are the life lines ensuring an increasingly prosperous future.

The pylons of Britain not only bring power to our factories, but also the lighting and ventilation that have made modern factories cleaner and brighter and happier places to work in.

This series of advertisements is being published so that everyone will understand the nation's electric power programme and why it is necessary to have not only electric power stations but also pylons to carry the power where it is needed.

turbing document it is. Officially the 'security' principle is known as 'being on the safe side' or 'taking necessary precautions'. It was sanctified last year, after the case of Mr John Lang, by the dictum in the Privy Councillors' report that 'it is right to continue the practice of tilting the balance in favour of offering greater protection to the security of the state rather than in the direction of safeguarding the rights of the individual'. What is quite plain from the numerous cases of victimisation reported in this pamphlet, most of them giving the victims' names, is that a mere denunciation can be enough, and that the denunciation only needs to involve one of the marked man's relatives. A man who has a brother with the Atomic Energy Commission was told by the Director of Military Intelligence that, *for his brother's sake*, he had better not take a proposed holiday in Russia. It was all right, wrote the Director, for him to go to Yugoslavia. There is also much evidence in this report of the evasions resorted to by employers who want to 'save trouble', to dodge the admission that they have dismissed a man at the instance of MI5. 'Your association with us did not develop quite in the way we had hoped and expected . . The post was really one which did not quite fit in with your particular abilities. This sort of thing happens from time to time . . .' I can just imagine it does. The campaign repeats its demand that 'security' rules be approved by parliament, that people sacked shall be told why – in writing – and given a right of appeal *in camera* to three High Court judges, and that improper victimisation shall be reported to the Privy Council.

* * *

What answer, I wonder, will the Press Council give to Malcolm Muggeridge's letter complaining that the accounts which the *Sunday Express* and the *People* gave of his article on the Monarchy in the *Saturday Evening Post* were inaccurate and distorted? He cites, for example, that the *People* wrote: 'Mr Muggeridge attacks all his (George VI's) Christmas broadcasts – spoken under great disability – as "funereal" '. What he actually wrote was: 'His (George VI's) Christmas broadcasts, though funereal in tone, seemed to equal his father's in the satisfaction they gave. Through the sombre war years he played the part assigned to him with courage and dignity'.

* * *

I knew Professor Gordon Childe as a great scholar and a delightful companion; his only drawback was that, a stickler for truth as a scholar must be, he seemed prepared to economise in it when it came to politics. I was talking about his tragic death the other day to Raymond Postgate, who has known him all his life. He said that Childe's death on the mountains was not difficult to understand because he was a clumsy and impatient climber. Some 40 years ago they were climbing along the neck that joins Scafell and Scafell Pike. It was bitter winter and there was ice under the scree. Childe kept leaning out and complaining about the slow progress of a climber in front who was being, he thought, unnecessarily careful about footholds. He leaned out too far, rolled over, hundreds of feet out of sight down towards Wastwater. As he rolled over Postgate heard what he thought were his friend's last words: 'God blast them all'. But having scrambled down in search of his body, Postgate found Childe sitting on a large stone, bitterly complaining because his glasses were cracked.

* * *

J. R. M. Butler of Trinity explains in our correspondence columns this week that the story about the ontological proof of the deity is probably *ben trovato* and anyway does not fit his famous father's preaching style. Bertrand Russell, who went to Cambridge in 1890, tells me that in his day the sermon was attributed to Appleton, Senior Tutor of Trinity. He adds: 'The other known facts about Appleton are that when he said to a freshman "We have had a little sun today", the freshman replied, "I hope Mrs Appleton and the boy are doing well". And that when he described Ravenna to a breakfast of freshmen, G. P. Gooch, who was one of them, said "And does the tide behave as it does in Procopius?", which produced an embarrassed "Ah . . . I didn't notice".'

* * *

I shouldn't have thought Cassandra, the tough columnist of the *Daily Mirror*, would be easy to fool, but the dog in the sky seems to have put him completely off balance. On 5 November he commented sharply on the animal protection societies which worked themselves into a lather about 'the hound of heaven' without remembering, for instance, the thousands of monkeys (he might have added dogs) daily used in laboratory experiments. On 12 November, the *Mirror* published, presumably for the benefit of members of its National Club for Pets, a heavily black-edged In Memoriam to Curly. In eloquent language it dragged in slave camps and other horrors of Soviet rule and pulled out every stop of emotion about the suffering of this dog in its aerial tomb, which, it said, died 'slowly, painfully and in the utter loneliness of outer space'. Astonishingly, this article was signed by Cassandra. As we know nothing about the dog's death, I was not surprised to learn from Cassandra's column (13 November) that he had been rung up by 'a number of cool-voiced callers' to ask for his evidence. He then roundly declared that these calls were not genuine, but organised by Commies. I was myself rung up this morning by a businessman who told me that Cassandra's calls had come at regular intervals and in the same words because a quite non-Communist member of his staff made this inquiry and, receiving no answer, arranged for the call to be repeated by a series of typists.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Besides the government's continuing doubt even on the prostitution recommendations, one reason why there was no reference to such legislation in the Speech was the possible impropriety in government eyes of asking the Queen to refer, even in a formal speech, to such a subject.—*Manchester Guardian.* (B. G. Morley.)

It was for Harding to decide whether they should die or not. Sometimes he would go out on the lawn and play croquet when he had such a decision to make. And there was something slightly fantastic that only while playing croquet could this man find the peace of mind to decide whether a man should die or not.—*Daily Express.* (E. M. Raincock.)

The Prince relies very little on secretaries in the composition of his speeches. He loathes the elegant clichés of a well-trained speech-writer. When he makes an important speech he tries to say something significant.

He has an excellent brain.

Such remarks as: 'The accumulation of knowledge is useless and indeed dangerous unless we produce men and women wise enough to know how to use it,' prove it.—*Daily Express.* (U. C. Wickremeratne.)

Ballade of Dangerous Toys

'West calls in German brains for rocket race.' (*Daily Mail.*) 'These rockets are dangerous.' (Same paper, same date, same page – referring to fireworks.)

The Western Samurai, to save their face,
Raise Hitler for the *hari-kiri* kit,
And German rocketeers will join the race
Of Brinkmen, hurtling madly to the Pit.
Given stiff upper lips, brows sternly knit,
The idiot formula can hardly fail;
Rockets are dangerous, you must admit.
(You'll find it published in the *Daily Mail.*)

Bushido now aspires to Outer Space
(Humanity and atoms have been split)
And Hitler's men will find their proper place –
The Dance Macabre in this lugubrious skit.
We pay Guy Fawkes, with guts and gall and grit,
To play with fireworks on a cosmic scale –
What cretin could have contemplated it?
You'll find it published in the *Daily Mail.*

When all we loved is lost, without a trace,
Through wealth of gadgets and a dearth of wit,
Who will record our ultimate disgrace?
A Martian epitaph the theme would fit:
'Here lies mankind, by nuclear weapons hit;
We know the end, but do not know the tale.'
(I shan't be there to answer: 'Not a bit;
You'll find it published in the *Daily Mail*'.)

ENVOI

Goddess of Retribution, serve your writ.
Without adjournment or appeal or bail;
Our Death-Lust makes us overdue to quit –
You'll find it published in the *Daily Mail.*

REGINALD REYNOLDS

The Case of Nelson Langa

TWICE in the past four months South Africa's Supreme Court has been asked to free Africans from forced labour in the farming area of Bethal. Michael Scott's exposure of its labour conditions made Bethal notorious ten years ago, but these two recent cases have revealed something introduced since his day. It has now been admitted in court that the South African police collaborate with the Native Affairs Department and the Department of Justice to ensure that white farmers get their cheap labour. Those few brave attorneys who concern themselves with the African's struggle not to fall foul of the all-embracing laws which govern his life have known of this collaboration since General Smuts's day, but have hitherto been unable to prove it in court. The cases of Nelson Langa and Klaas Soko have, at long last, broken this stalemate.

Nelson Langa, a street cleaner employed by the Johannesburg city council, is obliged, like every African over 16 years old, to carry a reference book containing a series of permits and endorsements – a streamlined version of the hated 'pass'. Failure to produce this document on demand by any official constitutes a criminal offence. One evening last June, Nelson, carrying his street cleaner's broom as he was coming off shift, was stopped by 'ghost squad' policemen in mufti and asked for his pass. This is his sworn story of what ensued.

the things they say!

I see the I.C.I. group throughout the world made a profit of £50 million last year. So long as people go on making large profits, we're bound to get wage demands.

But you must keep a sense of proportion. £50 million isn't big for a business with assets of about £500 million and a turnover of £435 million.

What do I.C.I. do with their profit, anyway?

From that £50 million profit £24 million went in taxes, both at home and overseas; and £16 million was retained to cover the increased costs of replacing plant and to strengthen the business both at home and overseas. The cash distributed to I.C.I.'s stockholders — less tax — was £9,200,000.

A tidy sum, all the same.

Not so much when you remember the size of the business and the large number of people who benefit from I.C.I.'s dividends.

How many stockholders are there?

There are over 300,000 on the register.

Who are these people?

There are a few large stockholders — notably life insurance companies, pension funds, and investment trusts — but most I.C.I. stockholders are just ordinary citizens who've managed to save a bit — in fact, a fair cross-section of the British people. And their ranks are increasing every year, for 80,000-odd I.C.I. employees are being given I.C.I. stock under the Company's Profit-Sharing Scheme.

ICI

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Explaining that street cleaners on duty did not carry their passes for fear of losing or dirtying them, he produced an embossed municipal disc giving his official employee number. The police had hitherto always accepted such discs as proof of legitimate employment, but Nelson was arrested. After being herded from one police station to another for some days, he was told that he would be given work on a farm. His repeated protests that he was already in employment, his production of his municipal disc and his requests to have his supervisor telephoned were all ignored: his thumb was inked and pressed on to a document, and he was sent under guard to Bethal. He arrived after dark at the private jail of a large farmer – built at a cost of £5,000 – which became his home whilst he was forced to work in the fields. His African overseers were completely uninterested in his story of wrongful conscription or in his disc, which he providentially retained.

In the meantime, Nelson's cousin, also a street cleaner, heard of his arrest and consulted a lawyer. A thorough check showed that there was no police record of Nelson's being arrested or charged; but private investigations revealed his whereabouts. An application for *habeas corpus* against the farmer was made in the Transvaal division of the Supreme Court. At the judge's request, a writ was also served on the Native Affairs Department, who claimed in court that Nelson had come to them to volunteer for farm work. The judge listened to both stories and then freed Nelson, who still had with him his municipal disc, with the words, 'Go back home (to Johannesburg) where you belong'.

This historic decision hinged on one point: that Nelson's cousin was in possession of Nelson's pass, thus enabling his attorney to prove that Nelson was already in legal employment. Passes carried by arrested men have a way of being 'unavailable' to attorneys. The subsequent hearing for costs revealed that Nelson's labour contract, which he claimed was made under duress, bore the signature of a Native Affairs Department official as having explained its terms to both Nelson and his future employer – and the same official's signature as the employer's agent. In defence of this procedure the Native Affairs Department produced in court an extraordinary administrative circular of 1954. It was from the Secretary for Native Affairs and outlined the following agreement between him, the Department of Justice and the Commissioner of the South African Police. Africans arrested for pass irregularities are not charged, but are passed on to the Native Affairs Department. 'The Natives must be offered such employment as is available in rural areas. Priority should be given to farm labour in this connection.' Then, to quote further: 'Natives who on account of their declining to accept employment are not released, are returned to the South African police for prosecution'.

To judge the full enormity of this purely administrative procedure, it must be remembered that signing a farm labour contract means working for three to six months for 2s. a day, whilst the usual penalty for a pass offence is a week in jail or a fine of £2. In any number of substantiated cases the choice between a week's jail and six months' serfdom was not put before those arrested at all; in others it was done in a language not understood by the prisoners.

Pass laws in the Union are so complex that, as long ago as 1945, Mr Julius Lewin, a leading Native Law authority, stated confidently that if *any* African walking down an urban street were arrested a capable prosecutor could convict him on *some* charge. In fact, more than 600,000 Africans spent at least one night in jail on pass-offence charges during last year – and we now know that the tens of thousands who accepted farm labour are not included in this official figure.

South African Native Law was originally designed to provide a supply of cheap African labour for white farmers and the mines, but the rapid growth of secondary industry has led to an aggravation of the chronic shortage of such labour. The higher wages and regular working hours of the towns draws farm labour, whose average wage in cash and kind is given by the government as 70s. a month (excluding 'accommodation' and a little grazing). As a result, the use of convict labour, quartered on the farmer's land and in his sole charge, has become common. In the Bethal area, which has a particularly small locally available labour force and five farm jails, it is estimated that one farmer in four is dependent on convict labour. Under the Nationalists, South Africa has become a country in which decent whites and all law-abiding non-whites live through legal loopholes. For the one African pass-offender in perhaps ten thousand who can find an attorney to fight for his release from farm labour, *habeas corpus* seemed to be that loophole.

The case last month of Klaas Soko has plugged even that way out. Soko was employed by a Bethal garage, was picked up at work by the police and found himself working on a Bethal farm. An urgent application for *habeas corpus* was refused by a Supreme Court judge on the technical grounds that Soko was not locked up on Sundays and could thus escape. The judge pointed out that, if Soko could prove that his labour contract had been signed under duress, it would be annulled. The implications for Soko – and tens of thousands like him – are grim. His brother, who brought the petition, could get no Bethal attorney to take the case; and even when such people do win their release, they can become one of the tribe of men with no legal place to lay their heads – they might not be allowed to return to the Bethal location, and there is no native reserve, into which they could try to gain entry, within hundreds of miles.

Soko was released by agreement between his counsel and the QC briefed by the state attorney who, as in the case of Nelson Langa, appeared both for the Native Affairs Department and the private farmer concerned. But Soko's brother, who earns £2 17s. 6d. a week, was ordered to pay the costs of the unsuccessful application for *habeas corpus*. Given the time, he might manage this in three years of spare diet; but if he fails to pay an instalment he will go to jail. In the meantime, he has been threatened with eviction from the Bethal location; and this would force him into the very farm labour from which he rescued his brother Klaas. Such is the price of even the most limited kind of freedom in South Africa today.

JAMES FAIRBAIRN

Fleet Street Notebook

How is the British appetite for daily newspapers, so much more insatiable than that to be found among the people of any other nation, standing up to the combined shock of a higher price and more pages to read? It is too early yet to say finally. But first reports indicate that the fall has not been so large as many expected when the increase to 2½d. for the popular national dailies was agreed on. At the moment trade estimates suggest that the *Daily Sketch* has been hit most, but that the more seasoned horse in the Rothermere stable, the *Daily Mail*, has suffered least – except, that is, for the *Daily Telegraph*, which has hardly been hit at all. As was to be expected, with their four-million-plus sales, the *Mirror* and *Express* have lost most in actual numbers; the *Herald* and the *News Chronicle* the biggest percentage decline. Both *The Times* and the *Manchester Guardian* are believed to have gained sales as a result of the increase in price of their more popular contemporaries.

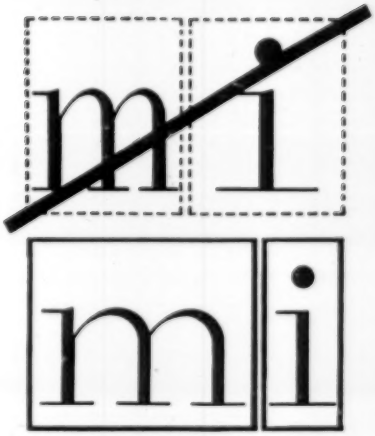
Losses among the big circulation Sunday papers seem to have been on a more substantial scale. There is a good deal of evidence that families which formerly laid in supplies of two, three or even four Sunday papers to withstand the long *ennui* of the Sabbath are now tightening their belts and making do with a couple. This is hitting not only such stalwart props of the traditional British Sunday of blood and sex as the *News of the World* and the *Empire News*, but seems likely to give another knock to *Reynolds News*. Fortunately *Reynolds* has resources which enable it to meet popular ingratitude with less immediate peril than many. The *Sunday Dispatch* is also reported to have been badly hit. Perhaps it has not received the public gratitude it expected for banning Malcolm Muggeridge. The two 'quality papers', the *Sunday Times* and the *Observer* – both increased in size – seem to be more than holding their own.

One healthy development I hear is that newspaper competitions, which a little while ago were being regarded as the answer to the circulation manager's prayer, are now diminishing in glamour. Some recent ones have not only failed to pull in new readers at the expected rate, but have actually lost money. Maybe it will turn out that, at 2½d., only the skill of journalists will sell newspapers for long.

But what kind of journalistic skill? In other words, does the great public want news or daily magazines? The millions of the *Mirror* and to some extent those of the *Express* suggest the latter. On the other hand the success of the *Daily Telegraph* and of the *Daily Mail*, which has always concentrated more on hard news than most of its popular rivals, suggests that there is an increasing public for news. The *Mail* is the only one of what may be called the middle popular papers to recover from post-war decline which hit the *Herald* and the *News Chronicle* so hard. With a very stable circulation of around 2,200,000 it is now one of the most prosperous of newspaper properties.

What of the *Herald* and the *News Chronicle*, for both of which a reliable judgment as to the future trend of public taste is particularly important? For the moment the *News Chronicle* seems content to tick over without the injection of new ideas, while reaping what benefit it can from the higher price. It is still looking for an editor.

The *Daily Herald*, however, having been fortunate enough to find one, Douglas Machray, seems to have made its choice. It is opting for the daily-magazine approach in a big way. In the last four or five weeks it has, as a result, become one of the most interesting papers to watch. For the first time for many years it is developing a definite personality. It is not a personality everyone will find sympathetic, but it is at least a positive one – and that is among the biggest assets any paper can acquire. It has considerably improved its



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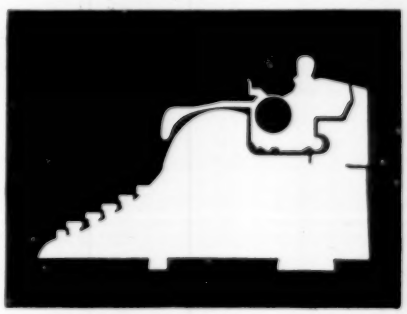

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front-page news coverage and presentation and has also strengthened its political and industrial news. At the same time it has made a striking breakaway from the traditional pattern of the text newspapers in a middle-page spread from which hard news has been almost completely banished to make way for lavishly displayed general features and feature serials, of a kind more familiar in the mass-circulation Sunday newspapers.

I do not much like this myself and I have seen one or two other editors shudder when discussing it. But it could bring rich dividends in popular appeal. At the same time features of specific woman's interest are being spread to a greater extent all through the paper, instead of being confined to the woman's pages. Roughly one page a day is still devoted to more serious political and public interest features, but the traditional leader page has been abandoned. The general impression aimed at is of a family news-magazine for a mass public, which, while giving plenty of space to news when it is important or exciting, will ditch a good deal of the ordinary run of news reports when times are dullish and will try to build up interest instead with a wide range of magazine features aimed at every member of the family. Although so far the range of general features has not, I think, always lived up to the intention, the attempt to find a formula combining something of both text-paper and tabloid techniques with some borrowing from popular Sunday paper journalism and an admixture of serious political news and features is extremely interesting.

It is too early yet to say how successful it will be in attracting fresh readers. Obviously Machray has one eye at least on the more politically conscious sector of the *Mirror* readership. But at least something new is being attempted, and attempted – even if the final menu is not to everyone's taste – with a verve and *élan* which has been missing from the *Herald* for a long time. It has already brought a badly needed lift in the morale of the staff.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Highland Committees

THE County Council committee meetings are spread over three days, and full days they are. The officials have brought the relevant documents along in suitcases, for Argyll has no Council buildings and has to meet in one of the small towns—each a long way from the others. There are county offices in all of them, and none are willing to give up the small amount of importance and, above all, the small amount of employment, that this provides. Myself, I think Oban is the most genuine capital; it is comparatively near the north and most of the islands, and is a rail-head. Also it has a few industries. But Dunoon, which is bigger and nearer Glasgow, would disagree strongly, and how could I desert poor little Campbeltown, which has had such a hard deal already with the closing of its distilleries and the partial ruin of its fishing, and which finds a little local employment in the County Treasurer's and Assessor's offices? Lochgilphead is central, but very small, and the historic capital, Inverary, is lovely but tiny – and overshadowed by the great castle of the Campbells. Not all of us in Argyll owe loyalty to any kind of a Campbell.

This time, then, it is Oban, and the ballroom of a hotel, labelled 'Private Party' on the door, and decorated with a jar of tired flowers and a genuine oil painting of Highland cattle. These committees are not open to press or public, but much of the business is discussed in sundry other places. I start in the early morning, driving through winding miles of our astonishingly beautiful and varied county, my heart in my mouth at some of the corners. The grassy steeps up from the road are starred with grass of parnassus and purple scabious.

The Road Board is just gathering and we settle down along the trestle tables. We have had – and I hope read – various reports from the county engineer, sometimes a little depressing: 'Little can be done to bring about improvement until more funds are available.' 'Unless better progress is made in the next few tides the reconstruction of the slipway will drag on into next summer.' But what are we to do? The beautiful but dangerous road I came along is a trunk road with a full grant, but the Department has not got the money in its vote to allow us to go on with the improvements. The B and C roads get only occasional patching, which lasts for a few seasons. A penny on our rates only raises a thousand pounds, and that goes nowhere nowadays, though, even so, we are better off than some Highland counties.

Part of our difficulty is the tourist industry – an important one for Scotland and taken very seriously in some counties. While we argue about Argyll roads I am thinking of the comparable difficulties of Inverness, and Ross and Cromarty. The road from Kyle of Lochalsh and Skye or, alternately, Strome Ferry and the north, comes up through Kintail. At Cluanie Bridge it forks, one branch going by Invergarry, the other by Invermoriston. Both these roads are single track with passing places. For eight months in the year you drive along them and scarcely see another car, nor even very many lorries. But for four months they are packed, sometimes nose to rear, with cars, buses, lorries and caravans. If one of these trails of vehicles, perhaps all crowding up behind a slow-moving large one, meets another, then a passing place is not much use. There are endless delays, backings and turnings. And a caravan can't back. Every year there are more 'tours of the Highlands' and more caravans.

How should a road of this kind be considered in any kind of national plan for roads? I don't for a moment think that anyone has a national plan for roads, especially the present government, but it's something one dreams about. None of our Argyll roads presents quite this problem, but things are bad enough. We all have our own specially dangerous corners and all argue for our own roads. We are constantly sending pleading letters and angry deputations to the Scottish Office. We get back letters written by doubtless harassed civil servants: 'Work could perhaps be deferred.' The member concerned leaps up and says that if they wait till after the winter gales the road will be away, and he is probably right. The technique of official delay doesn't take any of us in, but at the same time we realise that the Scottish Home Department is not wholly to blame. It's the windows of the Treasury we need to smash.

The Road Board also deals with piers and ferries, no small headache. And it is made no easier by the fact that quite a number of the members know their own district and the districts near them but not the whole of the county. We come out of it aware that our roads are deteriorating and will do so more and more as lorries get heavier and faster and the coach and caravan traffic gets larger, and careless wheels break down the verges – and go on without, perhaps, spending a shilling in the county.

There are more committees the next day and I listen in for a while on the Planning Committee, to which I don't belong. My next one is Health and Welfare; and, although it deals so much with human excrement and old tins, it is a lively committee. Our vice-chairman, who takes it, is a doctor from one of the islands. He lets us talk but does keep order, and he knows what he is about. I'm never very sure if quite all the members have grasped the fine points of, say, BCG vaccination. Sometimes, as in most committees, a single member has some very definite and detailed argument, only completely followed by the medical officer and the county clerk, who, I think, is sometimes expected to do the impossible – and even manages it.

We are constantly up against the over-centralisation of the Regional Board, which, with its passion for tidiness, whisks away our patients, so that, for instance, a child who develops measles in one of the Oban school hostels, is taken off to Glasgow – a very long journey by ambulance for, say, an island child who has never been far from home. We discuss this and what we would like to see instead, and then the county clerk reads us the Department of Health circulars about smoking and cancer of the lung, while the medical officer and several members continue quietly with their cigarettes. We tease the MO who admits that something must be done in schools, and the convenor of the Education Committee says that they are going to do something. Then I raise a hare about radio-active fall-out and the accumulation of strontium 90 in sheep bones. A young doctor supports me eagerly, and I think most of the medical members feel it is something about which we must be at least uneasy. This is a county of high rainfall, and probably the same terrifying graphs showing the sharp rise of strontium 90, which have been worked out in Wales, would be true of our own sheep bones.

But now we go on to the ever-fruitful topic of the nursing services, including the nurses who would like to stay on for a bit beyond their retiring age – and, indeed, many of them are far too valuable to be let go. Campbeltown wants another nurse's car, saying with some justification: 'You've no idea how wet a nurse will get in a short walk.' There are houses to be considered, and all the things which used to be the care of the local District Nursing Association in the old days. Sometimes one rather regrets the village committees which were so close to their problem, but raising money would be far too difficult for them nowadays.

The county architect is consulted about houses and garages, but, when we suddenly come on drains, it is passed to the engineer. Like most Highland counties, we have too many places with water supplies but no drains. Again, the money has to be dragged out of the Scottish vote. A colleague complains that he has been all over his district to find a coup he can use for rubbish disposal, meanwhile his village gets dirtier and dirtier, and everyone says why not empty the bins into the loch? He, very properly, is not going to insult Deirdre's Loch Etive with Tainuilt's mess. The river Awe, meanwhile, is suffering from campers emptying everything into it.

But perhaps we really let ourselves go over graveyards. Here is a problem which gets worse

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every decade and which one day we shall have to make up our minds about. Meanwhile we can lay out a nice tidy cemetery with gravel paths in what appears to us to be a convenient place—but will anybody get buried in it? No! Part of our difficulty is that all the modern regulations about depth and distance apart of burials have stopped the cosy old custom of burying people on top of one another, and the things spread and spread, taking up acres of good land.

However, the public conveniences at least are going ahead. It really looks as if Tarbert might have one before the next tourist season. Perhaps we shall be able to pull the old one down and put a bed of geraniums in its place. They should do well.

NAOMI MITCHISON

The Arts and Entertainment

The Tate Gallery

THE rearrangement of the modern British rooms (Galleries XV and XVII and the West Annexe) at the Tate was overdue: the works in Gallery XVII (the room devoted to the younger artists and the more 'modern' of the elders and the dead) had been looking like a lot of junk. It has turned out exceedingly well. The dark brown walls in Gallery XVII are a brilliant stroke. The hanging is better-looking, rather more systematic, and much more imaginative. It is imaginative in certain juxtapositions—both those which modify the systematic classification and those within its framework—for example, Dobson's shiny yellow metal bust of Osbert Sitwell with the paintings by Wyndham Lewis; a Welsh landscape by Sutherland with an Australian one by Drysdale; a Townsend with a Paul Nash; a Hitchens with a John Nash; paintings by Scott, Herman, Jack Smith. And it is imaginative in its use of symmetry—in the lay-out of the group of neo-romantic pictures by Sutherland, Piper, etc., and in the creation, in the middle of the end wall, of a sort of Francis Bacon altar-piece, consisting of the early triptych with the *Figure in a Landscape* centred above it. This placing of the Bacons is welcome not only because of its visual effect, but as a symbol (intentional, one supposes) of the acknowledgment of Bacon's domination over contemporary British painting.

Elsewhere in this gallery symmetrical hanging has produced less felicitous results—notably in the abstract section. One of the many snags about the Tate is that its architecture is so insistently, almost morbidly, symmetrical that, when arranging pictures or sculptures in the building, it is virtually impossible not to reflect that symmetry; and that a symmetrical arrangement is all wrong, of course, for much of the work that is shown there, namely, anything more or less in the abstract tradition. At least it is good to see, as we do in this new arrangement, symmetry exploited dramatically in places where it can be used to advantage.

Some minor criticisms of the hanging must be ventured. Nash's *Totes Meer*, one of the three or four best pictures in the room, loses much of its point when skied. The Kinley nude is hung, for no reason, about a foot too high. It also needs, against the new background, either a wider and flatter frame or no frame. Some dark pictures, such as the big still life by Scott, now need wide light-toned frames to distinguish them from the dark wall. The Bacon *Figure in a Landscape* should be deprived of its glass, regardless of the artist's views about glazing—that is, so long as it hangs where it does now, where the electric lights are reflected in it. Inevitably, one also has regrets about the absence from the room of several good pictures which have hung there in the past, but it is futile to debate what should be shown here and what be relegated to obscurer parts of the museum or left to languish, not in obscurity but as it were nakedly, on the precipitous walls of the sculpture-hall, for these questions are not decided by the merits of the works so much as their size and shape and tonality.

There have not been such sweeping changes in Gallery XV and the Annexe. Here the most important novelty is the re-appearance at the Tate of the life-size Henry Lamb portrait of Lytton Strachey. Both this painting and the other Lambs here make me wonder why we still await a big retrospective exhibition of this profoundly strange and authentic artist.

With the modern British School so neatly ordered now, one's impression of what it adds up to becomes more vivid. What it adds up to is something as remote from the rest of modern painting as British films are from real films. This is largely because it has an absence of attack and earthiness, a sort of stiff-upper-lipped air. So that when we arrive at the far end of Gallery XVII and come upon the two Bratbys, which have not got this atmosphere of doing the done thing and please do not spit and gentlemen lift the seat, we feel for the first time that we are looking at paintings, paintings in the ordinary sense of the word. And we realise incidentally that, though Bratby is a provincial artist, the province is not England but one of his own invention. We see too that Bacon's unique combination of iconoclasm and fastidiousness is very much a part of his Englishness, in that it implies an extreme awareness of æsthetic good manners, except that his is not a passive, unquestioning awareness, but a sophisticated awareness, a dandy's awareness, which knows how to break the rules wilfully, blatantly without becoming boorish.

There is another characteristic which pervades these rooms—a feeling that British artists (like British jazz musicians) have to struggle to find a style. It is as if French or Italian or Belgian or, nowadays, American artists found their styles by going out and picking them off trees, whereas English artists had to cultivate them in conservatories. This labour, indeed, may well be responsible for the inhibited quality we remarked earlier: it is difficult to relax and let yourself go if you first have to stop and think how, if you have to worry about the steps, count one and two and three and . . .Yet, at a time when European art is going rotten through an excess of fluency, maybe this has helped to save English painting, or at least those English painters who have fought their way through.

I suppose that one of the most poignant cases of a contemporary British artist's being held back by the problem of style is the case of Robert Colquhoun. We have not had many painters in recent generations more talented than Colquhoun, yet he has scarcely painted in recent years, after a period in which his work became gradually more strained, mannered, pointless, and disorientated. He had started well enough, in the early days of the war, with a style curiously fusing current neo-romanticism with Wyndham Lewis—a blend that indicated a larger and finer ambition than was evident in the work of the

Palmer Revivalists. Here, clearly, was an artist who would not benefit – as others of less potential did – from being cooped up in this island, an artist who needed contact with Europe to help him to bring out what was in him. Because of the war, he had to make this contact by proxy, through the influence of Jankel Adler, a modernistic *pompier* with a dead hand and a power to congeal the talent of everyone he influenced. Even under this influence, Colquhoun managed for a time to produce work as fine as his picture in the Tate. But ultimately he got round to producing Adler's speciality – two-dimensional puppets. And then he virtually stopped painting.

More recently he has started to produce elaborate drawings, using a mixed technique. A score of these, executed this year, make up the inaugural exhibition of the Parton Gallery, in the basement of 34 Greek Street. It is a very welcome comeback. These drawings are in his manner of ten years ago, and they have the poetry and vitality and feeling for life of his best work of that time. But of course the problem still remains of where he will go, in the matter of style, from there.

DAVID SYLVESTER

Opera Notes

THE revival of *Carmen* at Covent Garden has done something to redeem the reputation of that house after an opening *Aida* which was vocally and visually disastrous. On the whole, this is the best performance of Bizet's opera we have had there since the war. True, it is still disfigured, like *The Tales of Hoffman*, with chunks of spoken dialogue which, as delivered in the large house in a strange medley of accents, repeatedly douse the dramatic illusion like so many buckets of cold water; but every time we hear the opera at Bow Street a few more speeches seem to have been cut, and I have hopes that one of these days the last sorry line will have vanished for ever, to be replaced, perhaps, by some of Guiraud's far more suitable recitatives. It is also true that William Dickie was scarcely up to the mark as Escamillo, though he improved in the later acts. But Mr Kubelik and the orchestra were in good form; and whenever the two principals were on the stage, there was notable singing and considerable dramatic tension.

Jon Vickers, happily recovered from his indisposition, is vocally and histrionically an impressive Don Jose, at his best in the last scene: he is the only tenor I can think of, Martinelli excepted, who realises the intense, manly pathos of the very last phrase, 'Vous pouvez m'arrêter . . .' where the honourable soldier of the first act is again faintly perceptible through the human wreckage that we see. The new Carmen, Regina Resnik, is a striking and uncommonly interesting artist. It is hard to believe that she was until lately a soprano (she has sung Sieglinde at Bayreuth and many soprano parts, including Ellen Orford, at the Metropolitan), since her upper notes are now relatively weak, and the creamy, seductive texture of the voice seems of a purely mezzo character. She phrases musically, paying strict attention to dotted notes, rapid turns and other such minutiae to which the average Carmen is quite indifferent; she looks well; and her acting – save for a too frequent use of the contemptuous laugh – is genuine and self-possessed. Carmens who carry conviction even in the French language are rare; to make a success of the role in English is something of an achievement.

I am glad to endorse Andrew Porter's high praise, a fortnight ago in these columns, of the triple bill at Sadler's Wells, and especially of the revival of that strange and haunting masterpiece,

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Bartok's *Duke Bluebeard's Castle*. A very experienced opera-goer, now living in Paris, remarked of this programme and *The School for Fathers* that both were far above the average at either of the two Paris opera houses – which may not seem very high praise, but certainly is when we compare the subsidies these theatres enjoy with the pittance on which Mr Tucker works his recurrent miracles. If ever the two London opera companies should be merged, Mr Tucker's ten-year record at Sadler's Wells will ensure him, it is to be hoped, a leading role in the artistic direction of the joint enterprise.

The Opera School's *Albert Herring*, at the Scala, was another heartening occasion, thanks largely to Joan Cross's quiet and amusing direction, and the expert and beautifully balanced handling of the score by Raymond Leppard. The voices were on the small side, as usual, but they were stylishly used; honours went, on the first night, to Maurice Wear as the protagonist, Patricia Clark as Miss Wordsworth, Elisabeth Hellawell as Mrs Herring and John Noble (a clear and pleasing baritone) as the Vicar. Enunciation was, in general, the weakest point; those who were new to the delightful little opera must have missed quite a lot of the fun.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

A Modern Miracle

IMAGINE a Flemish painting of the raising of Jairus's daughter. A Breughel, say, hanging near others depicting different aspects of the medieval life. The dirt, the squalor, the magnificence, the grotesques, the spirituality, the tortures, the misery, the hypocrisy and the faith, all exhibited at once. It is the violence, the extremes and the extravagance, which hit us, living in our grey neutrality between belief and unbelief.

In *Mademoiselle Jaire* the distinguished Belgian dramatist, Michel de Ghelderode, sets out to animate such a picture. Jairus, then, is a Flemish merchant and his daughter is dying. A hypocrite doctor, a worldly canon, an avaricious coffin-maker, gin-swilling keeners, a local witch, these are among the figures who offer their disreputable services to him and his wife that morning before 'the Man with red hair' is brought in by the dying girl's fiancé to perform the miracle, and the girl is raised from the dead.

Thus three levels of experience are to be presented to us simultaneously. The Bible story, the medieval world into which the painter transposes it, and finally the additional gloss of the contemporary playright re-creating it for us in modern language. It is an ambitious project demanding more perhaps than can be reasonably asked from the actors, designer, producer and translator of a repertory company. If Mr Frank Hauser's company at the Oxford Playhouse succeed in giving us only occasional flashes of this triple vision, it is hardly to be wondered at.

English actors and actresses are plainly, on the face of it, going to have a job with Breughelian grotesques. They can twist their limbs and give themselves false noses, and, if their designer has been ingenious enough, look the part. But how can they get under the skin of an age so remote and so excessive, where violence and credulity are the obverse sides of the everyday small change of a faith that is no less active and real and pervasive? And if you fall short of this double view what do you turn up with except something which seems a rather feeble succession of anti-religious parodies, a parodied fat ecclesiastic, three parodied drunken sluttish mourners and so on? This part of the play would only work, in fact, if instead of raising mildly shocked giggles in the audience it scarified us out of our seats, if it rubbed our noses in the filth and piss as Breughel does. As it is, one watches the actors acting stylistically under direction (Minos Volanakis's) and one longs for them to stop 'acting' for a minute and to feel the humour and the horror.

Not that, at least in this version, I felt certain that I knew where the distinguished Belgian author was trying to lead us. The Man with red hair (a mercifully audible and authoritative performance by Joss Ackland standing out in a largely inaudible and fumbling cast) raises Jairus's daughter from the dead but warns that the results may be less satisfying for all concerned than they think. They are. The girl who is raised is not at all the sweet nice girl who died. She exists in a kind of limbo. She is totally indifferent to the human affections which surround her (though I think the point is not well made: one can imagine her experience turning her into a mystic, but why into an ill-natured little sour-puss?) and all she wants is to die again. There is a curious and disturbing scene in which Lazarus, half-raised, communes with her, and this does carry us for a moment into some completely different dimension; and the play ends with her dying again while the townspeople conduct a carnival, the highlight of which is the torture and crucifixion of the Man with red hair.

An extraordinary and unusual play, it will be seen, and I am very willing to believe that a personal allergy to the modern gloss (some sort of death wish stuff) prevented my responding to it wholeheartedly.

T. C. WORSLEY

Russian Festival

OF the two film festivals now going on in London, the Japanese take their long secretive way at the National Film Theatre, with never an invitation sent out, while the Russians at the Palace Theatre hardly let a day pass without showing something which may be good, bad, or indifferent. Most so far have been type films: a sex-corner of the Revolution, a musical, a Stakhanovite.

I saw *Carnival Night* the day after *Les Girls* (Empire). The American product was slick and dull, dealt with Paris, a dance act, three girls and a man off-stage, and found the talents of Cole Porter and Gene Kelly at a low ebb, and only Kay Kendall vivacious. By contrast the Russian film celebrated New Year in the factory, satirised the party bureaucrat, gave us amateur theatricals which were little more, was naive, cheery – and dull; though I got to like the un-made-up snub blonde, and the songs towards the end had a native swing. There were pretty scenes, too, of the factory theatre in Sovcolor, whose cool delicate tones I much prefer to Technicolor, at least as generally employed.

Colour again played a considerable part in my enjoyment of *Great Height*; and this time I did enjoy. A huge steel works is nearing completion; splendidly, from all angles, does it fill the screen. Men run up vertical ladders; a welder on a cross-beam hung over space turns out to be a woman; enormous shapes are lifted by a crane; and the weather plays a thrilling part. They are trying to save days so as to finish in time; there's a criss-cross of rivalry, jealousy, and two love affairs to aid or defeat Stakhanovism. The human drama isn't either theatricalised or deeply realistic; we don't get to know the people very well, but we

like them. The whole film, in fact, lacks power, but to make up for this, it is obviously in love with the power of the great steel works, displayed beautifully, dramatically, and with the restraint of Sovcolor. I should mention also the wet streets and night sky away from work. The director is Alexander Zarkhi. He has a clear, sympathetic eye. This film has the great advantage of being in Russian with sub-titles and not a dubbed version. Among the films to come there is a *Twelfth Night* which is pleasing if not exciting; but especially I would draw attention to the Chekhov programme at the end of the season: *The Grasshopper* and *The Matchstick*. The first of these, which I welcomed when it came to London last year, is a short story beautifully enlarged, and not unworthy to set beside *Uncle Vanya* and *The Cherry Orchard*.

Otherwise there has been Richard Widmark's *Time Limit* (Leicester Square), one of those contained, tense TV dramas, about a court-martial inquiry into collaboration in Korea: a bit overtense, I thought, and too scared of military honour, with Widmark himself and Richard Basehart in the chief roles. *The James Dean Story* (Continentale) has far worse faults, but is also more exciting. Dean, as is well known, made only three films before being killed in a car accident, and has become legendary. I don't think it was only his early death that created the legend; he had a touch of genius – most evident in *Rebel Without a Cause* – something of a Rimbaud to catch the eye. The best parts of this film are the stills of him against street backgrounds, hunched in a zip-jacket, with drums, raising articulate eyes. The film makers, George W. George and Robert Altman, have tracked down a mother's death and a lonely upbringing, the effort towards prowess of the weedy spectacled boy at school, the night wandering in towns, the wincing break into a world of theatre and cinema. They hadn't quite enough material for a film of this length, or the necessary ruthless skill to imprint it. Still, as celebrity stories go, this is the most factual I've seen; despite tedium and absurdities I would gladly see it again.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

A Stiff Collar for ITV

EXCEPT for a perfunctory growl by Cassandra in the *Daily Mirror*, the appointment of Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick to succeed Sir Kenneth Clark as Chairman of the Independent Television Authority has excited only the usual sycophantic comment. Yet liberal-minded people generally, and Socialists in particular, may find it disquieting.

Sir Kenneth, though often thought of as a member of the Establishment, is not only a highly civilised man but genuinely apolitical. His cool epicureanism was the redeeming dash of saffron in the rank commercial *bouillabaisse*; and, like the epicurean gods, he sat a little aloofly, with his Cozens and his Piper, in his pine-panelled Olympus, leaving to the brisk Sir Robert Fraser the main dust and heat of public controversy and the sometimes congenial task of jollying along, and being jollied along by, the programme companies.

Sir Ivone, as students of international affairs will be aware, is a much more menacing figure – and much less likely than Sir Kenneth to be simply an elegant figurehead. He was at the British Embassy in Berlin, under the most disastrous of British ambassadors, during the years of Hitler's ascendancy. He was UK High Commissioner in Germany during the years in which Dr Adenauer was being established in power and the Krupps were restoring their fortunes. As an ultramontane Roman Catholic, he brought to the prosecution of the Cold War a crusading fervour. He was known as one of the most subtle and persuasive of the senior civil servants who tamed successive Foreign Secretaries, and until his recent retirement had been for four years – and what years, in foreign affairs! – head of the Foreign Office.

Moreover, his period as wartime Controller of the BBC European Services will have given him some knowledge of the administration of a broadcasting service and of the best way of ensuring its ideological *gleichschaltung*; and it will probably seem to him, as a natural Tory and far tougher than his predecessor, both normal and right to purge the ITV programmes of dangerous thinking and loose talk – in discharge, after all, of the responsibilities, laid on the ITA by Parliament, which the ITA has sometimes in the past been criticised for not discharging energetically enough.

ITV's main merit has been the free-and-easy, informal heterodoxy or independence of some of its discussion programmes – or, at least, their freedom from the over-scrupulous stuffiness which is the BBC's main demerit. We have often noticed occasions on which ITV has 'got away with' something (good or bad) that the BBC would certainly have banned. If Malcolm Muggeridge, for instance, had been under contract to an ITV company, I do not think that he would have been put off the screen recently; rather, his publicity value would have been exploited to the full. I wonder how long it will be before the control becomes closer: the operation will be carried out, no doubt, so smoothly that its victims may be hardly more aware of it than were Sir Ivone's nominal former masters. (A trained diplomat must be a first-class anaesthetist.) I wonder how long it will be before programmes such as *Free Speech* are first diluted and then destroyed (as the BBC's *In the News* was), and ITV at its best becomes indistinguishable from the BBC at its worst.

I hope, of course, that these suspicions of mine are unworthy; but I am confirmed in them by the quite remarkable fatuity of the observations attributed to Sir Ivone in the reports of his press conference last Friday. So shrewd a man as he cannot be so naive as he was made to seem; I conclude, therefore, that he did not open his mind, without reservations, to his interrogators. It is not surprising that the Tory PMG describes his appointment as 'of crucial importance'.

No intimations of trouble ahead, however, seemed to trouble Sir Robert Fraser when he presided at another press conference, on Tuesday, to introduce the ITA's third *Annual Report and Accounts* (HMSO, 2s. 6d.). He parried or answered every question with aplomb and vigour. Asked about the prospect of extending the hours of TV (at present, in theory, fifty hours a week, but with the permitted extras, outside broadcasts and school and religious programmes, often sixty or more), he foresaw no early pressure by the ITA to get the Government's assent to longer hours (except, possibly, for closing the Sunday evening gap). But 'it's a free country – why shouldn't people watch TV all day if they want to?' Asked if the companies would have enough material to fill much extra programme time, he drew an interesting distinction between (a) 'top-of-the-bill variety' and good new plays, which are chronically scarce, and (b) the sort of talent required for documentaries, discussion programmes and talks, of which there is plenty. He promised that ITV would 'have another try' at doing programmes about the arts – but 'the world of the arts is a very small world . . . you don't

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hear ballet or sculpture talked about on the top of the 'bus or in pubs'. He thought that, ultimately, a choice of three TV programmes would be enough for the British people (as for the Americans): both BBC and ITA have applied for the use of the remaining part of Band III; here there must be a major Government decision.

One ITV success reported by Sir Robert was that of programmes of local origin and interest; but this is greater in Scotland and North Wales than in, e.g., London, where the viewing audience is too heterogeneous and the area too large for local items to be of sufficiently general appeal.

TOM DRIBERG

Urals Ensemble, at Drury Lane

'If only it was slightly more subtle,' said an Englishman behind me. Certainly this programme of song and dance from the Urals is not for frail gentlemen; but the songs have often great delicacy and a sad, subtle beauty. The dances possess all the gay peasant energy that could be desired, combined with cunning patterns and such marvellous discipline in action as only the Russians seem able to impress on their choruses. But the charms of this company are greatly obscured by the costumes. The shiny, art silk, satin blouses and skirts, mauve and red and yellow and green, are so crude and so without relief as almost to blind one to other beauties. In two short ballets, The Fearless Hunters and Winter Dance, where the colours are muted, the deftness and the glorious vitality of the dancers stand out and reveal what the effect might be with a little more of the old-fashioned embroidery. The choral singing is excellent, and when the company breaks into complimentary English songs, such as 'On Ilkley Moor, the effect is so unbelievably funny that it is worth a visit for this alone. This, and the unselfconscious, laughing faces of people who sing and dance for their own pleasure as well as ours.

A. F.

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Correspondence

SCIENCE FICTION AND SCIENCE FACTS

SIR,—Are we so confident of having perfected our way of life on this planet that we should now strive to export it elsewhere? Your front-page article 'Science Fiction and Science Facts' seems to accept the present general assumption that Britain should join the race to explore 'the infinite possibilities of outer space'. However romantically exciting it may be to transform science fiction into scientific fact, surely it is time that we asked ourselves what is the purpose of science itself. In the midst of our topical obsession with the importance of scientific education and training, we are in danger of regarding science as an end in itself rather than simply a means to an end—an end yet undefined. The greatest need of this generation is that our political philosophy should catch up with our scientific power and determine the social object of scientific effort. The British people would be better occupied in leading the transition from nationalistic fixation to international consciousness, on which human survival on this planet depends. We in Britain have a unique opportunity here, for as members of the Commonwealth of Nations we can set an example of genuine international living and loyalty. Would it not benefit the human race more to devote the immense resources now unthinkingly to be used for bigger rockets and a race to the moon, to the Volta Scheme in Ghana, the Second Five-Year Plan in India, or the elementary needs of our colonial fellow-citizens in Africa, the Caribbean and Asia? Is it not more significant to transform fearful, hostile national communities into a positive and creative human society than to plant the Union Jack on another planet?

JOHN HATCH

Sutton, Surrey

SIR—Thank you for 'Science Fiction and Science Facts'. Amid the fatuous ineptitude of most published remarks on the Sputniks your editorial is like the voice of one sane man in a lunatic asylum.

All the indignant commiseration with the sweet 'Little Lemon' is merely laughable; but very far from laughable are the comments of the men who are our leaders: 'We must not lag behind the Soviet achievement', 'We must equal and surpass the Russians'—so the sleep-walkers chant as they move towards their doom. In their blindness they cannot see that the artificial satellite and the inter-continental missile are making nations and national boundaries obsolete; Sputnik needs no passport. To say that America must prove itself a match for Russia is scarcely more sensible than to say that Manchester must counter the menace of Liverpool or that Omsk must meet the threat of Tomsk. And if men reach the moon and the planets, as no doubt they will in the next few years, then the quarrels between the different countries of our petty world will seem more absurd and unreal than ever when the whole earth itself will be seen as but a single star in the Martian sky.

We have to realise that we are all inhabitants of one world: not Russians or Americans or Indo-Chinese, but human beings, and we must order our affairs accordingly. Certainly it is not easy to see by what practical means we can begin to lift the curtain, made not of iron but of fear, distrust and hostility, that has fallen between West and East; but it is easy to see that we must either do it or die, and that rivalry between nations in science or in armaments is out of date, futile and disastrous.

D. A. J. SIMPSON

4 Antrim Grove, NW3

BRITAIN AND THE H-BOMB

SIR,—It was right to submit the dispute about unilateral nuclear disarmament to 'close-up political scrutiny' but it would be a pity if the idea spread that this is a choice between emotion and reality. In fact, you unwittingly misrepresent the case of many of those who oppose your view. You say that renunciation of the H-bomb by Britain is intended to reduce our own vulnerability and that it must, therefore, be coupled with the expulsion of the US forces stationed here and equipped with nuclear weapons, and with our consequent departure from Nato, if it is to be effective.

The intention is not, however, as you state it. The main purpose of our relinquishing nuclear weapons would be, surely, to lessen the risk of war rather than to preserve Britain while the rest of the world fights it out. This is because, as 'emotional' Socialists, we do not wish to see other countries at war because, as 'realists', we see little future for ourselves as the survivors of such a conflict, existing on the periphery of a heavily irradiated and utterly destitute area.

If this is the intention, then clearly we should be defeating our own purpose if we walked out of Nato and expelled the Americans at the same time. This, in fact, would be the threat by which we could influence western policy most effectively. The 'realistic' course is to appreciate that we have little bargaining power if we threaten to abandon nuclear weapons at a time when we should be, in American eyes, playing the rogue elephant. The Americans would shrug and tell us to go ahead. But we should have considerable effect if we assumed the lead of all the neutralist and non-nuclear powers by abandoning these weapons—and then threatened to proceed to the expulsion of the Americans and to departure from Nato if the West did not set about serious negotiation. A country in the exclusive nuclear club has little hope of influencing the non-nuclear powers, as was demonstrated during the recent disarmament conference.

The case for unilateral nuclear disarmament, it is interesting to note, did not arise as an emotional spasm from Trotskyists, ILP-ers and other disreputables inside the constituency Labour Parties; it was first suggested as a more rational approach to a defence policy by a member of the National Executive, Mr R. H. S. Crossman. He argued forcefully, in a Commons debate on defence, and in his *Daily Mirror* column, that we could be better defended without nuclear weapons than with them. His arguments deserve a better description than 'divine irresponsibility'.

Our trump card, as you call the act of renunciation, will soon be available to other countries, including West Germany, equally capable of using it to influence western policy, and in the opposite direction from that which many of us in Britain desire. We are then back where we started. But the one action open to us alone is to assume the moral leadership of the sane segment of the world and then to set out to influence the West. The course of action you and Mr Bevan suggest is, unfortunately, ineffective and founded on fallacious reasoning.

DAVID ROSS

55 Ruskin Park House
Champion Hill, SE5

SIR,—I believe Priestley is right, in terms of the kind of realism that works, in demanding that we renounce the H-bomb here and now. The 'official' line taken at Brighton was merely a question-begging and unrealistic compromise between Labour leaders who still cling to national unity with the Tories on foreign policy and defence, and those who agree with the rank and file that we should try to carry out the foreign policy to which the party is committed on paper. That policy, embodied in the disarmament, Middle Eastern, German and general foreign policy resolutions adopted at Blackpool last year and Brighton this year, rejects the incalculable risks of H-bomb power politics that follow from assuming a will to war by the Communist countries, and accepts the calculated risk of inviting the Soviet Union and China into partnership in organising peace by means of regional agreements based on the Charter. It will be the job of the next Labour government to put forward proposals for political settlements based on replacing by these regional agreements the rival military alliances that assume a will to war. Renouncing the H-bomb is the way to show we really mean to do that job.

It is also the way to acquire the political inde-

pendence necessary to do it. For so long as we make H-bombs, we accept the Tory assumption that the Soviet Union wants to attack us. The corollary to that assumption is, since we cannot defend ourselves against nuclear attack and must rely on American protection, that we remain a loyal and Soviet-fearing satellite of the United States. Bevan's argument at Brighton that, if we renounce the H-bomb, we destroy the American alliance system, was contradicted by Strachey's contention that by doing so we should not change the situation and merely drop out of the picture. Both were wrong and neither took account of the foreign policy which Labour has already adopted.

The next Labour government, by renouncing the H-bomb, would put itself at the head of the world community, which wants us to break up the nuclear suicide club. The government would then invite the powers to a conference with our proposals for disarmament and peace as a basis of negotiation. To prepare the atmosphere we would declare a moratorium in the cold war by telling our allies that British territory could not be used for launching nuclear missiles until further notice. If the Americans agreed to play, well and good. If they refused, we would negotiate with the Russians without them.

When we sooner or later reached agreement, that agreement would be put before the General Assembly of the United Nations, and we should certainly, with the help of the Soviet bloc and the uncommitted states, get an overwhelming majority for recommending it as a basis of settlement. In the circumstances, no German government could reject a basis of settlement that gave them unification and peace and was agreed on by Britain, the Soviet Union and recommended by the General Assembly.

The Labour Party must put these things to the people and get a mandate for doing them or it will be 1945-51 over again. But this time the consequences in the shape of the uncontrollable inflation caused by our vast defence expenditure and our inability to end conscription or carry out our promises at home, will bring disaster on the Labour government within a year of assuming office.

K. ZILLIACUS

House of Commons

SIR,—I yield to no one in my respect and admiration for Father Huddleston and, for that reason, I grieve the more that he finds it necessary, in giving due appreciation to J. B. Priestley's splendid article, to denigrate his own Church. We hear much from the outside world about the 'dead' Church, and it is sad when she is attacked from within by her own priests. Father Huddleston expressed much the same views in the discussion which followed his university sermon in Cambridge some weeks ago.

Does Father Huddleston realise that there are bodies of Christian people all over the country working against the evil of the H-bomb not only through fear of its consequences but because they believe that respect for life is an essential Christian principle and that the manufacture of weapons of mass destruction must therefore be contrary to the will of God? Does he know that there are priests in many parishes who faithfully preach this very thing, day in, day out?

I wish he could have been at the annual general meeting of the Anglican Pacifist Fellowship in October—or perhaps he would come to Thaxted Church any Sunday morning. I think he would find the Christian social ethic proclaimed as uncompromisingly as by any of the 'humanists, agnostics and scientists.' Perhaps he would be cheered by so doing.

N. M. NEVE

Thaxted
Essex

WIRE-TAPPING

SIR,—I agree, of course, that the interception of letters and telephone conversations is dirty work and entirely endorse Mr Gordon-Walker's minority recommendation that, as far as crime is concerned, the use of warrants for this purpose should be curtailed to the minimum. His insistence too upon 'sworn information or affidavit' as a pre-condition of granting a warrant is a highly desirable proposal. But, as far as security is concerned, I think he errs in failing to distinguish between direct counter-espionage and the system which has recently crept in upon us of losing a man his livelihood or demoting him on the grounds of his alleged political convictions or those of his friends.

This distinction is crucial. For it is of course one thing for the state to act upon intercepted evidence which a man would have a fair chance of rebutting in the courts before he is injured, and quite another thing that a man should be injured on the strength of intercepted evidence that he is not even aware of and has no chance of contesting. In the latter case he is thus robbed of all possible protection by the law, by parliament or by public opinion. Surely the minimum we should grant him before he is injured is access to some proper legal tribunal sitting in camera and manned by judges of the highest status where he could at least exercise the full rights of defence which we accord to a man arraigned for treason.

Without this it is intolerable that a man should be damaged on the strength of secret selective intercepted evidence. After all, many a letter, which on the face of it is completely incriminating, eventually appears highly dubious and indeed unacceptable evidence once it has been investigated and worked over in a court of law.

One further point. A warrant to intercept a man's correspondence is really a secret search warrant that never has to be produced. Secrecy means that there is no check upon the failing or misjudgments of authority. And if Lord Tenby can make a serious mistake in these difficult fields, so, obviously, can other ministers.

BENN W. LEVY
Chairman

Campaign for the
Limitation of Secret Police Powers

GROTEWOHL'S MILLIONS

SIR,—On 19 October you describe the banknote exchange in the German Democratic Republic as a 'conscious government swindle'. Allow me to reply to some of your more glaring mis-statements:

1. There is no 'official' West Berlin exchange bureau, but a whole string of privately owned money exchange businesses engaged in illegal East-West currency transactions. Their transactions are not 'on a small scale' to serve the 'day-to-day' needs of a limited number of individuals, but they have acquired vast dimensions. Your own estimate is that some '1,000 million marks' have been 'wiped out' by the banknote exchange. These cash holdings do not represent genuine savings, but have their origin in illegal currency manipulations favoured by the artificial four-to-one rate fixed for political reasons by West German political and financial interests.

2. The West Berlin four-to-one rate of exchange does not reflect the 'real' relationship between the East and West German currencies. Let me quote on this point R. H. S. Crossman in his article, published in your journal on 24 August 1957:

> West Berlin is . . . a shop, where any East German can buy whatever goods he likes, provided he changes East German marks at the black market rate of four to one. . . . Even the rate of 4 East marks to 1 West mark is a political rate (in my experience a genuine rate would be something less than two to one), and this crushing superiority of the western currency is maintained by lavish subsidies to West Berlin.

3. Discussing the purpose behind the manipulated exchange rate, Mr Crossman writes:

> It is an instrument of political warfare which aggravates East Germany's inferiority complex and every form of psychological warfare and subversion is employed by the West Berliners to inflame the East German sense of inferiority. At least a dozen American and West German secret service organisations operate throughout the DDR, spreading their network of agents, spies, economic saboteurs and mere rumour mongers.

4. The banknote exchange was not an instrument for 'destroying the last remains of private enterprise in the zone'. According to Mr Crossman's figures

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these last 'remains' make up 60 per cent of the distributive trades and 10 per cent of production! Businessmen conduct their business through the banks. Since bank accounts were not affected by the note exchange, one fails to understand how 'private enterprise in the zone' should have suffered.

5. The insinuation that the banknote exchange aimed at wiping out private 'savings' for which no 'legal justification' could be provided is only true in so far as this hit precisely the black market speculators who piled up their illegal gains at home, and for obvious reasons did not care to put it into their bank account. No honest citizens of the GDR were affected by this; they received the full equivalent of old money in new notes.

6. The banknote exchange has nothing whatever to do with the question of abolishing the rationing of fat, meat and sugar. The rationing of basic foodstuffs by which every citizen is guaranteed his share at low fixed government prices is maintained by heavy government subsidies and represents a considerable strain on the country's financial resources. Rationing will be lifted when there is no risk of the living standards of lower income groups suffering from such a measure.

Ernst Thälmannstr. 11 ERNST AMANN
Dresden

TWO STANDARDS OF TREATMENT

SIR,—As one who was an in-patient at a non-teaching hospital and a year later at a teaching hospital with the same complaint, I can testify that there *is* a considerable difference in treatment. This is due in part to the prestige enjoyed by the teaching hospitals, and the fact that this attracts the cream of the girls entering the nursing profession, and attracts them in sufficient numbers to ensure that there is not the same staff shortage.

This shortage at the non-teaching hospitals leads to all kinds of deficiencies in treatment. Dressings not done until some hours past the requisite time, ointments and medicines not on hand from the dispensary when required, a surprising lack of hygiene and very badly cooked food were some of the drawbacks at the first hospital. Moreover, although some of the nurses were first-class material, the everlasting shortage tended to cause a low standard of efficiency to be accepted as the norm.

Finally the matron was the old-fashioned 'dragon', who appeared to be more concerned with niceties of nursing etiquette than with fundamentals. In the teaching hospital the matron was formidable, a 'dragon', too, perhaps, but an up-to-date one.

EX-PATIENT

LABOUR AND CYPRUS

SIR,—Mr Paul Johnson's report from the Athens Anti-Colonial Conference about the Cyprus situation describes me as having made mischievous statements in Cyprus and also as giving the Cypriots the impression that there is little difference between the Labour and Tory policy. This is quite untrue. As far as I am concerned, the facts are as follows. When I was in Cyprus I was asked to comment about the situation there, in interviews with the press and radio. I said that I was very disturbed by the deterioration in the political climate and that my visit to the island had compelled me to conclude that it had arisen largely out of wishful thinking on the part of the Greek Cypriots, who had misunderstood the Brighton statement of Labour policy by my friend and colleague, Mrs Castle. At Brighton, Mrs Castle had said two things—that Labour policy had not changed since 1955 and that the party would endeavour to grant freedom to Cyprus within the lifetime of the next Labour government. This I found was being misinterpreted by the Greek Cypriots into an assumption, first that Labour had virtually won the next election; and secondly that, in the interval before we assumed office, nothing would be gained by negotiating with the new governor, Sir Hugh Foot.

As any other person would have done in similar circumstances, I warned the Greek Cypriots against continuing with such an attitude. I stressed that it could only prejudice the work of a future Labour government; because, before self-determination could take place, there would have to be a period of self government—to create the conditions in which it will be possible to hold a referendum. I also pointed out that although we both hoped Labour might win the next election, in politics there were many vicissitudes. Finally, I advised the Greek Cypriots against attaching too great importance to the remarks of people who supported their present misunderstanding of the situation—Mr Johnson's article is precisely the kind of thing I had in mind and I am grateful to him for illustrating my point so clearly.

I also said other things—that the partition idea ought to be killed, that Archbishop Makarios ought to be brought into negotiations, that the Turkish leaders should moderate their statements. Apparently these are of no import to Mr Johnson. His view appears to be that it is helping towards self-determination at the earliest possible date if little or nothing is done before Labour comes to power. My view is that the sooner we start the process towards self-determination, the better will be conditions with which Labour will have to deal.

DESMOND DONNELLY

House of Commons

THE FAITH OF BERTRAND RUSSELL

SIR,—Bertrand Russell should certainly write one more essay, making it clear that if he runs risks and makes sacrifices in the cause of truth or liberty or anything else, he does it because he personally, without any desire to obey Christian commandments or moral imperatives, chooses to do it.

The persistent idea that human goodwill and active concern over the fate of other people are deeply mysterious and need explaining in some special way derives, of course, from the Christian teaching that it is only divine grace which prevents us from spending all our time beating each other up. I have never understood why it should be important to explain human goodness, though if we want to we can at least, as rationalists, be 'scientific' about it and say it derives from the libido, or the herd instinct, or something, and so dispense with the interpretations of the transcendentalists.

But surely for the majority of us the important thing is to promote goodness, and to create conditions under which it can be more effective than it is now. These ends can be furthered in various ways, but not by treating goodness as a sort of supernatural manifestation, or even by associating it with that uncomfortable and, by definition, non-expedient thing, our Duty.

LAN FREED

Hazlemere
High Wycombe

ONTOLOGICAL ARGUMENT

SIR,—I was amused to learn from Kingsley Martin's article in your issue of 9 November that when he was at Cambridge in the Twenties the reference in the 'Bedders' Sermon' to the ontological argument was attributed to my father, H. M. Butler. In the early years of the century it was usually attributed to the Rev. Richard Appleton, once senior dean and tutor of Trinity. But of course it is apocryphal. I have always believed that it was the happy invention of my cousin, Geoffrey Butler, but there is good authority for an earlier date.

Memorable sayings are naturally transferred from one academic character to another as the generations pass, and the world would be the poorer for the loss of a *ben trovato*. But there should be some verisimilitude in the ascription. Apocryphal remarks of Lord Curzon lose point if attributed to, say, Mr Baldwin; and nobody who had heard or read a sermon of my father's would suppose him responsible for the sentence in question.

J. R. M. BUTLER

Trinity College
Cambridge

[Critic refers to this letter in the London Diary.]

Children's Book Supplement

SIX GUN AND HIS FRIENDS

Six Gun fired rapidly, three times, as he came to his knees. So rapidly did he shoot that it sounded like one explosion instead of three. Three Mohawks crashed to the ground. Already the odds had been reduced. Now there were only a dozen of the enemy left. . . .

You couldn't have anything more simple than that, and significantly, the Six Gun Gauntlet books are described by the publishers as 'easy-to-read Westerns for the 8-10 year olds'. All the same, in however naive a way, Six Gun is the archetypal hero of the boys' adventure story. He is implicit in all the boys' books, no matter how sophisticated, that I have read in the past weeks. He is there, too, in what may be called the unofficial literature for small boys, in the war books like *The Wooden Horse* and *Cockleshell Heroes* that, in my observation, prep school boys devour without respite. He is not, of course, alone: he has his coadjutors. Six Gun's is his mare Silver Streak, who, when her master's revolver is finally empty, can be relied upon to swing a mean hoof at the nearest Mohawk. The most surprising set of coadjutors I have come across occurs in *Turkish Adventure*: it is nothing less than the Manchester United Football Club, which is fortunately playing in Stamboul and is therefore able to rescue the young heroes as they are about to be chucked into the Bosphorus by some sinister Egyptians. Nevertheless, Six Gun, the archetypal hero, is always at the centre of things. His decisive qualities, the virtues that make him what he is, are intrepidity and resource, and in this respect it is plain that the more books for boys change the more they remain the same. They remain the same in other ways, too. Only the trimmings change.

But classification is called for. The books I have been reading seem to fall into two groups, those in which the hero is adult and those in which the hero is a child or a group of children. To the first category belong Mr Durrell's *White Eagles over Serbia* and Mr Treece's *Hunter Hunted*. Mr Durrell's, as one would expect, is a conspicuously well-written book and is a boys' book only because of the simplicity of the story. It is, in fact, a piece of Buchan. Mysterious things are going on in the mountains of Yugoslavia, so what more natural than that Colonel Methuen, lately returned from four months in the jungles of Malaya, should be sent out to investigate by SOq, that mysterious branch of the Secret Service which operates from the region of Seven Dials? A West End clubman, an enthusiastic fisherman, and a master of languages and disguises, Methuen is a perfectly conventional hero, and I found Mr Treece's hero, for all his book is a pretty slap-happy affair, more interesting. Bill Frankland is a bachelor of arts with second-class honours in history of Birmingham University, heavyweight boxing champion of the University and president of the University Conservative Association, for which combination of brains, brawn and patriotism he is kidnapped by the director of the Nuclear Science Department, working in co-operation with the F.B.I. and the *Sûreté*, in

---

SIX GUN GAUNTLET GETS HIS MAN. By Eric Leyland. *Hutchinson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
TURKISH ADVENTURE. By Viola Bayley. *Dent.* 11*s.* 6*d.*
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NORMAN AND HENRY SOLVE THE PROBLEM. By Anthony C. Wilson. *Methuen.* 11*s.* 6*d.*
SATURDAY ADVENTURE. By John Pudney. *Evans.* 9*s.* 6*d.*
JAVA SEA DUEL. By Arthur Catherall. *Dent.* 11*s.* 6*d.*
A HUNDRED MILLION FRANCS. By Paul Berna. *Bodley Head.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
THE SECRET JOURNEY. By Rosemary Weir. *Parrish.* 9*s.* 6*d.*
FROGMEN'S LUCK. By Harry Fleming. *Hutchinson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
THE FAR HARBOUR. By Naomi Mitchison. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

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JOHN BOWEN
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order that he may track down and destroy a renegade Englishman who is trying to steal, on behalf of a foreign power, a recently perfected 'device which will be of the utmost use to the civilisation of the Western World'.

And here is something that cuts across the division between boys' books. As ever, Britain is in danger: Norman and Henry Bones, the boy detectives in *Norman and Henry Solve the Problem*, rescue in one of the three stories in the book, the head of the Secret Service and prevent the agents of a foreign power from discovering the whereabouts of our uranium deposits; the boy heroes of Mr Pudney's imaginative thriller *Saturday Adventure* are instrumental in saving an atomic research centre from disintegration by an enemy ray. But in every case, we are not told what the foreign power is. We seem now quite certain as to the identity of our enemies, or at any rate very coy. In the brave old days, we had no doubts: they were Nazis, or Communists, or Little Yellow Men. Perhaps this change is related to what seems a changed attitude towards foreigners: they are no longer automatically suspect. Even the Chinese, as in *Java Sea Duel*, a good exciting story of the salvaging of a sunken Japanese cruiser in the Macassar Straits, are now capable of gratitude and bravery. Special treatment is reserved for the Americans: they are comic but loveable.

Books in which children themselves are the heroes cater, I suppose, to the child's dream of freedom, his dream of childhood as an autonomous state; as Gaby, in *A Hundred Million Francs*, says: 'Once you're over twelve you become a complete fool'. But again these books seem to fall into two groups, the deciding factor being the extent to which the fantasy is pressed. Where the collective hero consists of members of a single family it isn't pressed very far. Typical of a number of such books I've read is Miss Rosemary Weir's *The Secret Journey*. It's well done, this story of four boys and girls whose parents are abroad and who take to the road during the summer holidays because their relations have forgotten about them, but a little too cosy: Mummy and Daddy come back unexpectedly and in the nick of time. I'm bound to say these family stories strike me as being a bit sissy on the whole. They're meant, I suppose, for girls as well as boys. In practice, I can't help thinking that they minister to sentimental parents' notions of what their children are like. The girls are ever such good sports but a bit too fluffy all the same, and the boys are little gentlemen with dirty faces; both exist together in a relationship irradiated with sweetness and light. Better, I think, to keep the girls out altogether, and just have the boys, and preferably not brothers at that, as in *Frogmen's Luck*, in which two boys explore a submerged farmhouse in a reservoir, a very good and exciting story once one has mastered one's distaste for 'supersonic' as a synonym for 'smashing'.

Better still if grown-ups can be kept out, too, except as agents of the fantasy, necessary coadjutors as in Mrs Mitchison's *The Far Harbour* and M. Paul Berna's *A Hundred Million Francs*. Admittedly, both have girls as well as boys among their central characters, but both carry the autonomy of childhood as far as it can be taken without completely divorcing the fantasy from reality. Paradoxically, of all the books I've been reading these two are the most deeply rooted in reality and, with the possible exception of *White Eagles over Serbia*, which scores because of its prose, by far the best. Through the workaday adventures of a handful of young people Mrs Mitchison describes the cycle of the year in a fishing village in the Western Highlands. For one reason and another, they are called upon to assume the responsibilities of adults and they do so in a thoroughly convincing way.

A Hundred Million Francs convinces for a different reason. The publishers suggest a comparison between it and *Emil and the Detectives*, and I do not think it far-fetched. The group-hero is a gang of small boys and girls living in a working-class suburb of Paris. The environment – of railway sidings, abandoned locomotives, markets, bombed factories – is wonderfully well realised, with the gang always at its centre. The invention is fresh, continuous and brilliant, culminating in a splendid battle between the children and a bunch of crooks in a deserted factory in which carnival novelties have been manufactured. It is at once gay and poetic; allied to the children are all the dogs in the town. A genuine work of imagination, it is well translated by John Buchanan-Brown and admirably illustrated by Richard Kennedy.

WALTER ALLEN

Faint and Feeble

The Cliff House Monster. By NANCY MOSS. *Chambers.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

If It Hadn't been for Frances. By P. M. WARNER. *Collins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Young Horse Dealers. By MONA SANDLER. *Country Life.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Jump To The Stars. By GILLIAN BAXTER. *Evans.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Excitements at the Chalet School. By ELINOR M. BRENT-DYER. *Chambers.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

'It's . . . it's uranium!' breathed Hilary, squatting behind the Pankhurst Pavilion and jabbing at the ominous gray substance with her lacrosse stick. So it had been true then, that little tell-tale twitch of her geiger counter during algebra, and Muriel watched enthralled as her chum deftly stuffed great handfuls of the valuable matter into her satchel. Then she tensed as Hilary's face, drained of all colour, swung towards her. 'There's only one way to make sure, though. Bung it into Miss Bellingham's reactor in Stinks Lab. We may . . . ', here she caught her breath for a space, 'we may vaporise ourselves, but . . .' Swiftly banishing the thought of forming yet another dreaded mushroom, the two youngsters darted off, pigtails flying, towards the stately yellow pile that was the Edythe Castleton Laboratory.

Stories for girls should by now be chock-a-block with passages such as the above, with radioactive headmistresses on every side and strontium in the porridge, but alas, faint and feeble is this year's output and we might as well not have struggled into the atomic age at all.

However, at least there is Nancy Moss to cheer us. Characters in *The Cliff House Monster* divide up roughly into those who have glimpsed the Monster (cave-dwelling, and with eyes like giant red wine-gums) and those who have missed this treat. Clare Figgins has seen it ('Quite an experience'). Vesta Carnilly hasn't seen it but

her father has, from the air. Pale-faced Lilian Purdey ('I feel all wobbly') sees it and faints dead away. Then, while Alerdyce Bell is trying to take a happy snap of the Monster by night, Cissie and Susan pedal along the shore to prevent a kidnapping and Susan is nearly decapitated by an aeroplane ('I'd rather not talk about it if you don't mind'). For tampering with prefects' togs, Susan is seized, put into a sack, and in a voice 'vibrant with menace', Irene Fletcher (the wickedest head girl in the business) announces a flogging. The startled Susan kicks gamely out and registers a stinger on Martha Cray's shin but is overwhelmed.

> 'Leave her to me!' snapped a menacing voice, and Felix, almost in one bound, leapt upon Susan, who, restricted by the sack, collapsed under her weight. 'Now,' snarled Felix, 'get your canes ready.'

In the end, Maud Draper replaces the demoted Irene ('She soon made her influence felt. She suggested table-tennis as an indoor game'), and the Monster turns out to be a fuel-less car, the invention of Raymond Poyntz, run by springs and requiring a complete rewinding every thirty miles.

In *If it Hadn't Been For Frances*, Frances and Deborah take a sea trip ('I feel a bit weird') to Holland ('We're going to enjoy ourselves or bust'). Dutch surprises abound: there is Haarlem ('Coo! There's a nun on a bicycle!'), Alkmaar ('Horses with chequered behinds'), Noordwijk ('I do love canals'), and Amsterdam ('The *hugest* pansies'). And there is the excitement of getting home to the cat ('Put it down, Frances, do. It wants to settle') and Miss Baring (centre parting, with a twist of brown plaits at the nape: cinnamon wool dress: brown sandals). Stand-offish Diana Templeton ('What a pill!') comes to stay, hurls all her shoes at pussy ('Filthy things!'), slops about in slacks wondering where the servants are, wears her flowered organdie at the Fête, and helps to water the wallflowers ('You're a sport, Di'). Little Deborah gets quite thoughtful about the Morgans, 'a most troublesome family – but extremely interesting psychologically'.

> How would it be, Deb's thoughts inquired of her, to be one of a family of nine, sleeping, somehow or other, on the top deck of an old bus? Mightn't it make you think differently, act differently, grow up, in fact, into a different kind of person?

See what you mean, Deb.

The Young Horse Dealers are Jean and Moyra, who invest Moyra's £200 ('Mummy, *please* don't stop us') in various quadrupeds and off we canter into the world of Dawn Wind (which is a horse), the Handy Pony Class, and that nice Mrs Sykes calling people 'poppets'. Eventually even Daddy is won over and is saying 'I shouldn't mind a day out with the Boxford'. In that particular four-legged world, the following things appear to be desirable: sloping shoulders, heaps of bone, well let down hocks, dark dapples, and massive quarters. I can't quite make out whether 'plenty of feather on her legs' is nice or nasty. It doesn't *sound* very nice.

Jump To The Stars contains a devil-horse called Ember, with a Death notched up, who has thinly chiselled nostrils, through which he has the unlovely habit of snuffling out white froth over Helen's faultlessly cut jodhpurs. Never mind: there is a stallion at stud (named Silver Fountain), and Mr Cooper-Smythe on Southdown Dragonfly, and saddle sores and girth galls and stable stains. Finally, the heroine is offered a job as a groom-instructress and, naturally enough, resigns instantly from the Bognor Secretarial College.

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for 4—7 year olds

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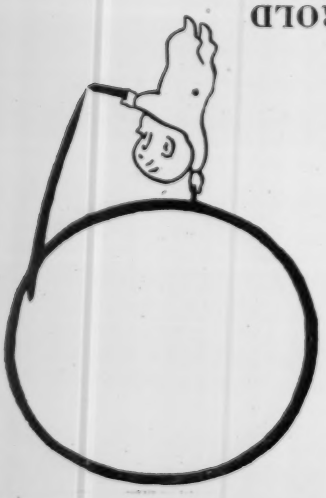


Excitements at the Chalet School vary. There is an avalanche ('A whacker to judge by the sound of it'), a past headmistress (Miss Bubb), a landslide, Miss Annersley in her crimson twin set, and Margot Maynard (forgetmenot eyes), who 'fell into Lucerne last March'. You'll want to know the school officers for the term: Head of Games – Blossom Willoughby; Responsible for Stationery – Lala Winterton; Second Hobbies Prefect – Lesley Bethune. Conversation is partly in French ('*Voulez-vous des order-marks?*'). Matron ('Matey') leads locker-raids on the Pansy Dormitory and then has an emotional upset and takes to her bed ('Shove in a couple of bottles'). Charmian Spense switches off all the lights during plain sewing with Mademoiselle ('Be quiet, *mes filles*! A fuse has blown'), has to apologise to the entire school after Prayers, and souses her pillow in an agony of remorse. Poor Yseult Pertwee is besotted with elocution and wants to specialise, but Mrs Pertwee, lecturing in America on the Arthurian Legends, is against it:

> Mother knows how much her big girly wants to, give more time to verse-speaking and acting, but really pet, your work is so poor in other subjects that I feel I must stiffen my upper lip and be *firm*. So the answer is no.

My answer to all this isn't exactly no. But it's in the y-y-y-yes category.

ARTHUR MARSHALL

Animal Lives

The Animal Kingdom. By RENÉ GUILLOT. *Oxford.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

A Boy and Five Huskies. By RENÉ GUILLOT. *Methuen.* 13*s.*6*d.*

Horse in the Clouds. By HELEN GRIFFITHS. *Hutchinson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

King of the Wind. By MARGUERITE HENRY. *Constable.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Harimau. By RUDOLF VOORHOEVE. *Elek.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Minka and Curdy. By ANTONIA WHITE. *Harvill.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Singing Chameleon. By GERALDINE ELLIOT. *Routledge.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

In the winter of 1951 a fox entered a butcher's shop in East Ham. It had come out of the marshes nearby and walked a quarter of a mile along a busy street unobserved. It was hungry. The butcher closed his shop and sent for the police, who killed the fox with an iron bar. If this had been a story by M. René Guillot instead of a paragraph in *The Times* (3/11/51) the butcher would have fed the fox and later on it would have brought him luck. It is in this lost world, where Man and Beast are still brothers at heart, that M. Guillot lives, and out of it that the stories in *The Animal Kingdom* come, some of them based on African legends. N'Dombo the Elephant elects to leave his herd in the forest and travel back to the African village where he was nurtured. Captured as a baby he had been playmate and friend of Wanga, the chieftain's son. N'Dombo remembers with pleasure the voices of men, but the village now looks tiny because he himself has grown so large, and the frightened natives repulse him with spears and arrows, until Wanga comes and recognises him. N'Dombo is then feted; Wanga sleeps that night where he slept as a child, 'in the crook of the elephant's thigh'; next day it is found that N'Dombo has gone, carrying his friend with him. 'Where are you taking me, elephant brother?' asks Wanga, and N'Dombo folds back his huge ears to hold the boy's 'long legs safe and firm, like swords in leather scabbards'. In the forest the whole herd of wild elephants silently awaits them, massed distrustfully together like a vast grey wall, and N'Dombo lifts Wanga from his back and holds him up to show them, 'a tiny ant he seemed, glistening darkly in the sun'. The herd parts; in its midst lies their injured leader, an iron spearhead in his back. It has fallen on him from a trap, and since it is barbed they cannot remove it. Wanga cuts it out for them – it is for this that he has been brought – and N'Dombo carries him back to his village.

> The elephant went down on his knees and took his handsome little black brother in his trunk, brought him close to one shining eye, then to the hollow of his huge ear so that Wanga could pour the sweet honey of words into it and they would go on buzzing in his head like a song long afterwards when he was trekking through the great bush with his tribe.

No grander story has ever been told. It would grace any anthology, adult or childish, and it is not outstanding in this enchanting book, beautifully translated by Gwen Marsh. It is a book about boys and beasts by a writer who loves them both and does not falsify animal nature.

A Boy and Five Huskies, by the same author, is comparatively commonplace. It features an attractive boy and his Husky dog-friend, and contains indeed all the ingredients of a good adventure story in the Canadian backwoods – fugitives from justice, pursuing mounties, stolen diamonds, wolves and a schizophrenic bear – but in spite, perhaps because, of this wealth it has a tendency to drag. Nevertheless it will have and deserve readers.

Miss Helen Griffiths gets high marks. An author of 15 she has an observant eye and a gift for descriptive writing. Had she stayed on the rails of the story she seemed to be telling her book could have been better still. Her creature is the horse, her country the Argentine, and we are soon at home there on her Spanish estate absorbed in its work of the capture and breaking-in of wild horses, and in the lives of the family who own it, especially in its hero, Martin, the youngest son, and his foal, Pampa, whom he loves and hopes to tame. But half-way through the book Plot suddenly explodes, Martin is a cuckoo in the nest, his real mother arrives and whisks him away, he is seen no more. His eldest brother then emerges as hero, but relinquishes the role to Pampa who, a stallion now, escapes, resumes his wild life and sets up a harem by inducing mares in local farms to elope with him. Eventually he is caught and tamed, but meanwhile the reader has got rather wild.

A passionate romance with the beautiful Lady Roxana also enables Sham, Miss Marguerite Henry's stallion-hero, to win through in the end and found a famous stable, but not before he and his little deaf-mute Arab groom have suffered many hardships in Morocco, Paris and London. Sham is an historic eighteenth-century horse, and *King of the Wind* is his biography and boasts a bibliography. In the Books Stakes, however, he comes in a long way behind Pampa.

Since Harimau, Mr Voorhoeve's 'hero', is described as 'an outstanding tiger of character' it seems hardly worth complaining that he is also an unlikely one, killing cows and goats wantonly and then turning woman-eater for no sufficient reason – for tigers do not normally attack people. When Mr Voorhoeve reaches such hurdles he merely says 'Who can tell what he thought?', though what Harimau thinks about everything else has been unsparingly told us. In fact the author (a professional hunter) puts his 'hero' so heavily in the wrong that our sympathy is forfeited and he himself is free to hunt him down with much cruelty and a clear conscience. If

people like to read of tiger cubs stolen from their mothers and sold to circuses, of terrified goats used as live bait, and of animals breaking their bones in steel traps, this is the book for them.

Large tigers to small. Antonia White's *Minka and Curdy* will amuse and instruct all cat-lovers, many of whom will have suffered like poor Mrs Bell who, when her old cat Victoria (so like the Queen of that name both in appearance and character) died, felt that it would be disloyal to her memory to replace her and determined to resist the temptation. . . . The denouement is not in doubt and in its final stages is rather too protracted.

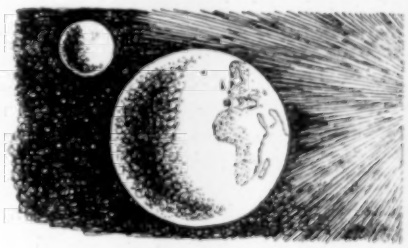
The Singing Chameleon takes us back to African legend. Nadzikambe learns to sing and play a musical instrument in order to curry favour with the other animals. They are called Khungubwe the Crow, Njobvu the Elephant, Nkhandwe the Jackal, Nyalugwe the Leopard, and so on. Pronunciations are provided at the back. The creatures all talk and joke and tell each other tales – how the Ostrich got a long neck, how the Baboon got a bare bottom. Kipling, the blurb says. The author and her illustrator, Sheila Hawkins, work very hard to amuse us. If it were fair to apply science to such a whimsy, one could say that since snakes have no external ears or ear-drums they cannot hear sounds transmitted by air, and the Python therefore could not have enjoyed Nadzikambe's music for he would not have heard it. This mistake was also made by Sherlock Holmes in *The Speckled Band*, when he deduced that the wicked Dr Grimesby Roylott recalled the snake he had sent through the ventilator to bite poor Helen by whistling for it. Dr Roylott may well have been whistling in his chamber, but if he was whistling for his snake, my dear Holmes, he was whistling in vain.

J. R. ACKERLEY

Lives of Great Men All Remind Us

Louis Pasteur. By NESTA PAIN. *Black.* 6*s.* 6*d.*
Thomas Telford. By LAURENCE MEYNELL. *Bodley Head.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
Helen Keller. By J. W. and ANNE TIBBLE. *Black.* 6*s.* 6*d.*
Napoleon. By AUDREY CAMMIADE. *Methuen.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
Maid of Orleans and **Queen of Scots.** By ELIZABETH KYLE. Ill. ROBERT HODGSON. *Nelson.* 10*s.* 6*d.* each.
The Story of Our World. By I. O. EVANS. *Hutchinson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
Goya. By ELIZABETH RIPLEY. *Oxford.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

Nothing is more difficult than to avoid moralising when writing history for children. Nothing is more essential. Children know well enough that they have not the experience to test a generalisation properly; they prefer therefore, and rightly, to get the story straight first and draw their own conclusions later. So I have silently liquidated several of the more teeth-grittingly improving books in my batch. Of those that remain, the first three are still faintly blighted by exemplariness, but the subjects are excellent and the treatment sensible. All would suit intelligent children of 11 or over; the Helen Keller might do for the slightly younger. The choice depends on the reader's interests. I myself enjoyed the Telford most. Telford's success-story, being built up of roads, canals and bridges, is comfortably solid and doesn't seem to need psychological subtlety. The book gives in passing an excellent picture of the early industrial



helping to widen young horizons

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How the Animals Eat [9s. 6d.]
MILLICENT SELSAM
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FOR THE ELEVENS AND UP

The Story of Our World
I. O. EVANS [12s. 6d.]
A book which will attract not only boys and girls but also their parents for it deals with the whole civilization of the world. Illustrated by William McLaren.

The Story of a Great Ship
JOSEPH E. CHIPPERFIELD [10s. 6d.]
The author wrote this book because he had already been closely in touch with survivors of the Titanic. He has made of it a moving story. Illustrated.

Beyond the Zambesi [9s. 6d.]
KATHALEEN RUKAVINA
An exciting story of a safari for boys and girls. Life in the jungle—danger from natives in rebellion. A story to fill the gap between a children's tale and a grown-up book!

Treasure in the Dark [8s. 6d.]
MARION CONNOCK
Highly praised—this first adventure book by a new writer has great charm. Ideal family reading.

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A Cup of Tea for Mr. Thorgill
STORM JAMESON
The plot concerns a self-confident, young Oxford don and his attempts to fight his way out of the Communist trap after his enthusiasm for the party has waned. *Book of the Month Club Choice* in America, and *Book Society Recommendation.* 15*s.*

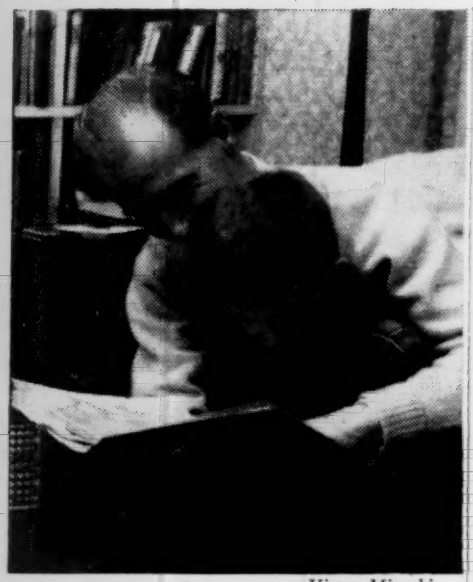
Mooltiki
RUMER GODDEN
Admirers of Rumer Godden's work will find in this collection of stories and poems all those qualities of sympathy, humour and lyric response to nature for which she is best known. *Illustrated.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The New People
MERIOL TREVOR
Readers of *The Last of Britain* will know Miss Trevor's gift for making ancient history come vividly and poignantly alive. Her new novel moves from the last days of the decaying Roman Empire to the strange, uncouth country of Britain under Saxon rule. 15*s.*

Three Windows on Summer
PETER SOURIAN
This first book by a young American writer about three college students has all the high colours of youth. 'A startlingly good novel.' – *N.Y. Herald Tribune Book Review.* 15*s.*

Penelope and Curlew
ANN BULLINGHAM
This story will need no recommendation to those who have read *Penelope.* We renew the acquaintance with Penelope at the age of eight and welcome Curlew, a new boy at the village school. An alarmingly faithful reproduction of the world of a child. 15*s.*

MACMILLAN



Victor Mitzakis

Guidance

How important it is that children should have some sort of reliable guidance in their choice of reading. Here, then, are six of the new and attractive children's books available this Christmas. A HUNDRED MILLION FRANCS (Illus. 10s 6d) by *Paul Berna*, already a prize-winner in France, is now attracting high praise in this country. It is an original story for older children about a gang of children who live in a poor suburb of Paris. FROZEN FIRE (10s 6d) by *Armstrong Sperry* tells of an unusual treasure hunt in the terrifying jungles of Brazil; and MRS WAPPINGER'S SECRET (10s 6d) by *Florence Hightower* is a hilarious account of the Porter family's summer holiday. Especially for little girls is LOTTIE (7s 6d) by *John Symonds*, the charming story of a doll and a dog, characteristically illustrated by *Edward Ardizzone*; and FIVE DOLLS IN THE SNOW (Illus. 8s 6d) by *Helen Clare*, tells further adventures of Elizabeth Small and the inhabitants of her dolls' house. For the very young, ANATOLE (Illus. 7s 6d) by *Eve Titus* is a colourful picture book about a French mouse who proves that he can be of use to the world.

Books for Boys and Girls

THE BODLEY HEAD

revolution. The Pasteur is also interesting and attractive; it is always fun to read of the days when 'one could tell a busy and successful surgeon by the fact that his coat and trousers became so stiff with blood that they would stand upright by themselves'. Pasteur's discoveries are lucidly and excitingly described; the only thing that worried me was a suspicion that his originality had been exaggerated to simplify the story; it is not clear, for instance, from this book how Jenner fits into the picture. Helen Keller's early life makes a fascinating story, particularly for a child; her later history seems to me sad ('she sat with us but not of us . . .'). But I don't know how much that matters. All these books have a fair number of good black and white illustrations; the Telford again (they are by Donald Foster) having the best.

Napoleon is a much more mature affair. In 80 closely printed pages, with good maps and many admirable ugly, but compelling, contemporary engravings by Vernet, it tells vigorously the personal and political story of a man whom nobody is likely to waste time in proposing to children as an example. There is not much information about strategy and tactics, but plenty about the lay-out of Europe at the time, the balance of power and the background of the Revolution. An extremely sane and concentrated book, much recommended.

The two Nelson Picture Biographies are suitable for slightly younger children, perhaps 8-12. They are large and freely illustrated, partly in colour. The pictures are in a lively but deliberately sketchy style which is much more successful for *Maid of Orleans* than for *Queen of Scots* because it conveys action well. Both author and artist, in fact, seem happier with the story which consists mainly of heroism and riding about than with that which involves sitting in castles and plumbing the depths of Renaissance psychology.

The Story of Our World deserves commendation for its remarkable enterprise. It covers literally everything from the formation of the Solar System to the present day, and even ends with a word on satellites. Its declared intention is to provide a framework into which children can fit detailed information as they gather it, but it is so concise and reasonable that it often provides contents for its pigeon-holes as generously as diffuser and more pretentious works on smaller subjects. It is without frills and almost without pictures; and it might be particularly useful at the age when one begins to notice and worry about the gaps in one's knowledge, which is perhaps around 15.

Goya is a most puzzling book. It gives an excellent set of reproductions of the artist's work, one facing each page; there is no colour, but then Goya is certainly an artist with whom this matters comparatively little. The trouble is that he is also an artist so sinister that his most harmless works, if studied carefully, are likely to make even sensitive adults wake screaming in the night. (Observe, in the charming portrait of a boy with a bird reproduced here, the two cats which are watching the bird from a corner. . . .) This book seems to be meant for children who can swallow that sort of thing, but who will be satisfied with a dull and cosy text which makes no attempt to cope either with the psychological or the æsthetic problems which leap from every page.

MARY SCRUTTON

The new Puffin Picture Books are *Discovery of the Poles* by Quintin Riley and Richard Taylor, *About Railways* by Herbert Simon and William Fenton, Helen and Richard Leacroft's *Churches and Cathedrals* (3s. 6d. each). Junior novels now published as Puffin Story Books are Roy Fuller's *Savage Gold* and *Moon Ahead*, a space thriller by L. Greener and J. Hutchinson (2s. 6d. each).

Audible Voice of the Past

The Village by the Stones. By WILFRID ROBERTSON. *Phoenix.* 12s. 6d.
Fire in the Flint. By WILFRID ROBERTSON. *Blackwell.* 8s. 6d.
Mystery at Mycenae. By ROGER LANCELYN GREEN. *Bodley Head.* 10s. 6d.
Detectives and Togas. By HENRY WINTERFIELD. *Constable.* 12s. 6d.
The Silver Branch. By ROSEMARY SUTCLIFF. *Oxford.* 12s. 6d.
The Eaglet and the Angry Dove. By JANE OLIVER. *Macmillan.* 14s.
The Road to Miklagard. By HENRY TREECE. *Bodley Head.* 12s. 6d.
The Sword of Ganelon. By RICHARD PARKER. *Collins.* 12s. 6d.
Son of Columbus. By HANS BAUMANN. *Oxford.* 12s. 6d.
Red Man's Country. By PHILIP RUSH. *Collins.* 10s. 6d.
He Went with Dampier. By PHILIP RUSH. *Harrap.* 10s. 6d.
The Secret Messenger. By JANET MARY SMITH. *International Publishing.* 13s. 6d.

Voyages of discovery remain a favourite theme this year for the writers of historical books for children. Social history is well represented. Otherwise, apart from the last book on the list, the themes are taken from the ancient and early medieval periods. Perhaps the authors find it easier to let their imaginations play on the less well documented periods; and perhaps the popularisation of archaeology by the BBC has had its effect.

It is difficult to range over two thousand years of social history without being dull and didactic. In his two books Wilfrid Robertson solves the problem ingeniously and enjoyably. *The Village by the Stones* is in Oxfordshire, and ten episodes, loosely strung on family history, take us from a Druid sacrifice to the Second World War. Mr Robertson has a good eye for architecture and a proper disrespect for ecclesiastical bigots; and he has some good dramatic stories. *Fire in the Flint* is set in Norfolk. Its seven chapters are united not only by the setting but also by the story of a flint, from its finding when the Romans came, to its loss in a German air raid. It is primarily a study of local resistance movements: resistance to the Romans, Normans, sixteenth-century landlords, Puritan enthusiasts and fen drainers.

Both Roger Lancelyn Green and Henry Winterfield use the device of the detective story set in the ancient world. *Mystery at Mycenae* is carefully based on Greek mythology and some hints dropped by Apollodorus and Plutarch. The mystery is that of the first abduction of Helen: the detective is Odysseus himself. Any boy or girl who has succumbed to the modern detective story will read on once they reach the exclamation of Odysseus: 'But they can't have gone out of the temple by the only doorway, because it was barred from inside when I opened it!' And though it is at first startling to find Odysseus talking like Sherlock Holmes, the mixture of mythology and mystery is managed tactfully and skilfully. *Detectives and Togas*, by an American author, is less ambitious but can be recommended for younger children who will enjoy an exciting story in which the heroes are children – the pupils of a school in Rome in the first century AD. Xantippus is an admirably drawn schoolmaster, and the dialogue is breezily effective.

Rosemary Sutcliff has won a reputation as a writer of historical novels for children which

always show care and sensitivity and sometimes distinction. Her recent work has been rather sombre in tone and over ornate in style. *The Silver Branch*, a story of Roman Britain, is a sequel to *The Eagle of the Ninth*, and shows Miss Sutcliff at her best. The time is the close of the third century: the theme the recovery of Britain by Rome after the reign of Carausius and the coup of Allectus. After the murder of Carausius two legionaries become underground agents in the service of Rome. It is a carefully constructed book with a firm dramatic theme, many admirable descriptive passages and vivid characters.

In *The Eaglet and the Angry Dove* Jane Oliver takes her material from Adamnan's Life of St Columba and from Kendrick's work on the Druids. St. Columba appears an unpromising subject for a book intended for children; and yet Miss Oliver has succeeded in making him the central figure in an extraordinarily attractive, freshly written book. It is told from the point of view of a Scottish fisher boy who follows St Columba to a stronghold of the Picts. Children who are fond of animals and the country will enjoy this just as a story. Older children will also enjoy it as an account of an unfamiliar world and will appreciate seeing a saint shown as a human, humane and thoroughly unstuffy character.

The Road to Miklagard is a sequel to Henry Treece's *Viking's Dawn* and a distinctly better book. Mr Treece has thoroughly mastered the material of the sagas and can manage both dialogue and episode with great professional competence. But *Viking's Dawn* was oppressively grim and sombre for all but the tougher children. In the present book Mr Treece takes his Vikings to Ireland where they fall in with a formidable but agreeable giant, then to Moorish luxury and the beautiful daughter of Abu Mazur, on to Byzantium and the Palace Guard, and home by the overland route. Against this varied and often exotic background the language and characters of the Vikings stand out much more sharply.

Richard Parker's *The Sword of Ganelon* has as its setting ninth-century England at the time of the Danish raids. In his earlier book, *The Three Pebbles*, Mr Parker was content to follow his sources closely and carefully, with little attempt to dramatise or embroider. Here he has been much more ambitious, combining a study of a threatened society and the struggles with the Danes with the Arthurian legend, runes and superstitions. It is not an entirely satisfactory mixture, and younger children will find it puzzling or even frightening. Its imaginative qualities and precision of detail will attract some older children.

With Hans Baumann's *Son of Columbus* we reach the reliable subject of voyages and discoveries. Before Columbus's son joins his father for his fourth voyage he serves Queen Isabella as a page; and this allows the author to bring in a riding-school, a bull-fight and Granada, before taking us out to sea. Mr Baumann writes effectively. The friendship between Columbus's son and the Indian boy is used to give unity and balance to the book. Philip Rush, an experienced writer, follows his sources more closely. *Red Man's Country* is the story of Captain John Smith and Pocahontas, vigorously and clearly told from the point of view of a Lincolnshire boy who sails with the expedition and is sent by Captain Smith to live among the Indians. The same device is adopted in *He Went With Dampier*, in which an imaginary Oliver Plunkett is attached to William Dampier for his voyage.

In *The Secret Messenger* Janet Mary Smith combines the themes of painting and politics in the setting of Anglo-Scottish relations before the Union of 1707. Miss Smith writes well and vividly,

Laura goes West . . .

Laura Ingalls Wilder takes her readers beyond the Mississippi and Missouri to the wide, empty prairie in **Little House on the Prairie** (12/6). This is the true story of her childhood in a pioneer family: 'It should have generations of readers,' said Naomi Lewis in the *News Chronicle*. As in the earlier book, *Little House in the Big Woods*, the evocative illustrations are by Garth Williams. Another sequel is Palmer Brown's **The Silver Nutmeg** (10/6), which contains the further fantastic adventures of Anna Lavinia, whom we first met in *Beyond the Paw Paw Trees*. The charm of the story is matched by the author's deliciously spiky drawings. In **Island of Seals and Other Strange Tales** (10/6) by Margaret Shaw are some very unusual stories. Animals, from seals to gibbon monkeys, figure in all of them. For older children there is a new Story Biography, **A Portrait of Bach** (10/6) by Jo Manton, the author of the fine life of Albert Schweitzer in the same series. The delightful illustrations are by Faith Jaques. Norman and Henry Bones, those enterprising boy detectives of B.B.C. Children's Hour, investigate three new mysteries in Anthony C. Wilson's **Norman and Henry Solve the Problem** (11/6). One of the best books of the year is René Guillot's **A Boy and Five Huskies** (13/6), set in the sub-Arctic snows of Canada. 'Brilliant' said the *Birmingham Post*.

these are books from

METHUEN

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★ *New Books by Famous Authors*

Kate Seredy

The author of *The Good Master* (13th imp.) etc., has written and illustrated two new books: **PHILOMENA** (10/6), "A story of the Heidi sort about a little peasant girl"—*T.L.S.* "A book of rare sweetness."—*L'pool Post.* **THE CHESTRY OAK** (12/6), "Well designed to stir almost any ten or eleven year old child's imagination."—*Times Literary Supplement*

Elizabeth Foreman Lewis

The author of *Ho Ming* (7th imp.), *Young Fu* (10th imp.), tells an exciting story in **TO BEAT A TIGER** of Chinese boys during the Japanese invasion. "In its way it is a little classic"—Arthur Catherall, *Bolton Evg. News.* 12/6 (11 yrs. & over).

G. F. Lamb

The author of *The Spirit of Modern Adventure*, etc. has written a companion volume, entitled **THRILLING EXPLOITS OF MODERN ADVENTURE.** "A wide range of exciting adventures in war and peace, beginning with the Dam Busters."—*Newcastle Evg. Chron.* 10/6 (11 yrs. & over).

★ *Old Favourites*

ESKIMO BOY (2nd imp.) by Pipaluk Freuchen. "A little masterpiece."—*Manchester Guardian. Illus.* 5/-.

WONDERS OF THE HUMAN BODY. Written and illustrated by Anthony Ravielli. "This wonderful and outstanding book."—*Western Mail.* 9/6.

ANNA AND THE KING (2nd imp.) by Margaret Landon. The story from which the film was made. *Illus.* 10/6.

THE GOOD LITTLE CHRISTMAS TREE (2nd imp.) by Ursula Moray Williams. *Illustrated throughout in 2 colours.* 6/-.

WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS by Clifford Mills. *Illus.* 9/6.

THE BOY THRO' THE AGES (9th imp.) by Dorothy Margaret Stuart. *Lavishly illustrated.* 10/6.

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makes her painter a convincing figure and puts the political issues effectively and fairly. Professor Trevor-Roper will be pleased with Sir Adam Stuart, whose creed is 'Court employment, government service, is the ae thing to set up a gentleman in reasonable elegance'.

J. O. PRESTWICH

Geography with a Few Tears

Simon of Simonstown. By MARJORIE SANKEY. *Bell.* 11*s.* 6*d.*
The Young Traveller in Turkey. By IRFAN ORGA. *Phoenix.* 9*s.* 6*d.*
Lauri's Surprising Summer. By LEE KINGMAN. *Constable.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
Sara Goes to Germany. By MABEL ESTHER ALLAN. *Hutchinson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
Yusuf. By GRACE RASP-NURI. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
Avalanche. By A. RUTGERS VAN DER LOEFF. **The Orphans of Simitra.** By P.-J. BONZON. *University of London Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.* each.
Fly Away Home. By BETTY BOWEN. *Burke.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
Kami the Sherpa. By SHOWELL STYLES. *Brockhampton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A hundred and fifty years ago children could learn their geography from a map on which the continent of Africa was coloured black 'because the people are black and also very ignorant'. Subtler means are now needed to make the lesson amusing and the subject is no longer so simple. Marjorie Sankey in *Simon of Simonstown* has to distinguish between Natives and Cape Coloured, to say nothing of Malays and the Whites of French, Dutch and English origin who inhabit Cape Province. The lively and entertaining local information (Coon Carnivals, mule spans, a fish-oil refinery and a sprinkling of Afrikaans) is shackled to an unconvincing adventure story which concerns a secret chemical, some funny business with hose-pipes and an unoriginal villain.

At first sight *The Young Traveller in Turkey* looks wonderful value, full of sumptuous photographs and about a dozen solid facts to each page. The author knows everything about Turkey but, alas, he doesn't begin to know how to make it interesting. *Lauri's Surprising Summer* is at the other extreme. Lee Kingman writes so well that even a casual walk with a dog is fascinating. It concerns a huge noisy and affectionate Finnish-American family who live on Cape Ann, Massachusetts. The father is a skilled quarryman who has injured his leg in an accident and his son Lauri has to go out to work, first for a capricious old lady and then taking care of a terribly well-behaved and aloof little girl, who eventually melts into the Finns' household. It is a most enjoyable book, marred only by a few outbreaks of *Readers' Digest* morality.

The heroine of *Sara Goes to Germany* also has to deal with an awkward little girl. The plot, full of jealousies, misunderstandings and mean deceits, falls somewhere between a girls' school story and a serial in *Little Women*, and I feel that Mabel Esther Allan has made Sara a dull and slightly non-U girl especially so as not to alarm the thousands of dull, slightly non-U girls who will probably read the book. The tourist's-eye-view of Bavaria never goes far below the surface.

Yusuf sees Cyprus from the inside. It is a strange Cyprus peopled by Turks and Englishmen with hardly ever a Greek and not a mention of *enosis*, but even so it rings very true, for Mrs Rasp-Nuri is a Cypriot herself. Yusuf, too, is very real, an honest, bewildered, frightened slum boy who has to face the world alone after his mother's death, has a bizarre and terrifying adventure when he is kidnapped and trained as a burglar by thieves, and is finally adopted by a kindly Quaker. He is perhaps too touching a figure to appeal greatly to children who need a hero to admire. The description of his mother's death is not for over-sensitive readers. Continental authors do not resort to improbable uncles or quarantine for mumps to solve the problem of Getting the Parents Out of the Way. They bump them off in Chap. I.

Avalanche is a series of disasters. Werner, a Swiss boy, and his father save a snowbound party of boys on holiday from the international village at Pestalozzi, only to be overwhelmed by the first of an epidemic of avalanches. The strain and the sudden tragedy are brilliantly conveyed. Werner's parents are buried and presumed lost, and one has no certainty that it will be all right in the end, for this isn't the cosy, sheltered world of children's books, it is the real world where there are wars and starving refugees. Werner's subsequent adventures with the orphans, who are experienced at bearing up under disaster, alternate between gaiety and tragedy. Every detail of the story is convincing, and though, like *Yusuf*, it may cause a few tears, the result is oddly exhilarating. It won the prize as the best Dutch children's book of 1954, and well deserved to do so. *Fly Away Home*, another story of Pestalozzi, suffers by comparison. Gareth's career, from the Yorkshire moors to failure at winter sports and success in music, is told in a diffuse narrative that bursts all round the target but never in the middle.

The Orphans of Simitra comes decorated with a more grandiose prize than *Avalanche*'s, the Prix Enfance du Monde for 1955, but with far less reason. Porphyras is a Greek goatherd-boy with a burning ambition to wear a red uniform and serve petrol at a filling-station. When his parents are killed in an earthquake he is sent to Holland with his sister. In constant pursuit of petrol-pumps and the sun he runs away to France and eventually finds bliss in Marseilles, a very queer advertisement for the French Way of Life. The descriptions of Holland and France are good — far better than those of Greece — but the inverted romanticism of the tale is unconvincing chiefly because the author doesn't really know what makes Greek goatherds and French garage-hands tick. Showell Styles's virtue is that he does know exactly what mountaineering is all about. The artifice in *Kami the Sherpa*, by which he transplants an ailing English boy alone into a Sherpa village, is very far-fetched, and the characters are all simple lay figures, even the plot is most implausible, but no boy can fail to enjoy the story just because the author has a passion for climbing and knows how to convey it. He can make tools and techniques interesting, too. The excellent illustrations are a great help — which is more than can be said for those in any of the other books I've mentioned.

RICHARD GARNETT

Among this season's compilations are: *Stories for Girls*, chosen by Kathleen Lines, and *Stories for Boys*, chosen by Anthony Buckeridge (Faber, 15s. each); *Heroes of Nowadays* (Collins, 12s. 6d.), biographies by David Howarth — Tenzing, Leif Larsen and others. Sir Edmund Hillary has selected for *The Boy's Book of Exploration* twelve stories from contemporary accounts and Nicholas Monsarrat has done the same for *The Boy's Book of the Commonwealth* (Cassell, 12s 6d. each). Thurston Macauley has pillaged freely from Homer to Hemingway for his *Great Horse Omnibus* (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 25s.).

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Illustrated by Nina Scott Langley

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THE CASTLE ON THE ROCK

By Eileen Meyler

Illustrated by Monica Walker

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A delightful picture book about the secret houses children can make with very ordinary things such as an umbrella or a dining room table. *5s.*

New Twists for Under 8

I Know a Lot of Things. By ANN and PAUL RAND. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
What is a Good Trade? and **A Little House of Your Own.** By BEATRICE SCHENK DE REGNIERS and IRENE HAAS. *Collins.* 5*s.* each.
Eloise. By KAY THOMPSON. *Reinhardt.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
Jeanne-Marie in Gay Paris. By FRANÇOISE. *Brockhampton.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
Adventures of Polly and the Wolf. By CATHERINE STORR. *Faber.* 9*s.* 6*d.*
Jalopy the Taxi-Cab Cat. By LOUISE COCHRANE. *Chatto & Windus.* 5*s.*
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Pegasus. By JOHN BOWEN. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
Deer in the Snow. By MIRIAM SCHLEIN. *Abelard-Schuman.* 9*s.* 6*d.*
Mary Plain Goes to America. By GWYNNEDD RAE. *Routledge.* 6*s.*
Angelo and Rosaline. By BETTINA. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
Pineapple in Candyland. By BARBARA SHORT. *Rockliff.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
The Silver Nutmeg. By PALMER BROWN. *Methuen.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
The True Story of Cinderella. By QUENTIN BELL. *Faber.* 15*s.*
Higgly-Piggly Farm. By OLIVE DEHN. **Uncle Charlie's Scrap Yard.** By DONALD SMEE. **The Lifeboat Fish.** By DORA BROOME. **Tricycle Tim.** By BRUCE CARTER. **A Swarm in June.** By ROSEMARY GARLAND. **James the Policeman.** By PAULINE CLARKE. *Hamish Hamilton Antelope Books.* 6*s.* 6*d.* each.
Wandering Wind and **Ben the Bullfinch.** By BB. **The Medenham Carnival.** By NORMAN DALE. *Hamish Hamilton Reindeer Books.* 8*s.* 6*d.* each.

Infant palates jaded with bunnies and elves, are now being wooed with every possible lure: eye-catching jackets, illustrations that combine wit and fantasy, many new gimmicks, or new slants on old ones. For the very young indeed there is *I Know a Lot of Things*, an arresting child's-eye view of the bigness of the small and the smallness of the big: acorns and ants, caves and waves, and a sun as round as a bun, all in bold, bright sploshes. *What is a Good Trade?* and *A Little House of Your Own* have wispy, impudent Ronald Searleish drawings. The first is pleasantly, but for small children rather puzzlingly, inconsequential. The second is an exhaustive catalogue of secret houses, under tables, in trees, under blankets. There is a helpful hint that grown-ups have their own secret houses, behind newspapers. Nobody in a secret house should be noticed or disturbed. *Eloise* is also illustrated in a sophisticated, new *Punch* style. Eloise, who lives in the Plaza Hotel in New York, is a St. Trinian's type. This Awful Child is up to every lark, "skibbling" from floor to floor, and making life hell for bellboys, waiters, and fellow guests. She is a sinister new comic creation, but funnier for grown-ups than for children, who mostly don't like irony.

Jeanne-Marie in Gay Paris is charmingly illustrated. It is also a trifle dull. Jeanne-Marie might have done something more unusual than sightseeing, sitting in cafés, and going to market, but perhaps her placidity is her attraction.

There are some very nice twists in the new animal stories. The funniest of them is *The Adventures of Polly and the Wolf*. This Wolf, would-be ferocious but pathetically inefficient, works hard to prove that he is clever and that Polly, whom he wants to gobble up, is stupid, but something always goes wrong. Thus he buys some dye at Woolworth's to turn himself into a red fox, because foxes always have the best of it in animal stories, but he is reluctant to boil himself in the dye, so it all comes out in the rain. *Jalopy the Taxi-Cab Cat*, a scruffy, enterprising character, is also fun. He finds an old taxi and in no time at all is whisking a detective off to Scotland Yard and helping to solve the Case of the Missing Papers. *Polutin* is a skunk of vivacity and charm, ostracised by the Red Indians for obvious reasons. Leatherleg, the Robber, washes him with soap and after various exciting adventures the two are reconciled to the tribe. *Pegasus* is exceptionally well-illustrated (by Kenneth Rowell) and laid out, its enchanting black and white drawings patchworked on to brightly coloured pages and its type interestingly spaced. Pegasus sails through history as far as our own century, where his wings get tangled up with satellites and stratospheric balloons. He comes down to earth, is adopted by a small boy, and lives quietly as a farm horse until one day, to save the small boy from ridicule, he takes off again. This is a delicate little fable, which just manages to dodge sentimentality. *Deer in the Snow* is about winter-trapped deer fed by a kindly family, not wildly original, but pleasant. There are very nice pencil drawings, a little stylised, softly coloured. For Mary Plain addicts, this little bear-cub's new adventure takes her to the United States, through visa processes, vaccination, chasing crooks, ship's concerts, motels, and even Hollywood.

There are fewer fairy stories this year, but magic and fantasy come in new shapes in *Angelo and Rosaline* and *Pineapple in Candyland*. Angelo is a statue of a winged boy in a museum garden. He comes to life when a little girl, Rosaline, starts decorating him with lipstick. With the help of magic eggs supplied by unusual hens he finds clothes and a home, and finally tracks Rosaline down. The tale is a little sentimental but the soft, tenuous Ardizzone-like drawings are delicious. *Pineapple in Candyland* is about a land inhabited by fruits and sweets. Marzipan and Sugar Plum and the Jujube men have exciting adventures in Truffletown and along the Toffee Road and on the shores of the Lemonade Sea. The drawings are comic-paperish. Those in *The Silver Nutmeg* are much more distinguished in a cobwebby way, and the story itself is a pleasantly placid mixture of gentle magic, nonsense songs, and kitchen doings.

Mr Quentin Bell has had the ingenious notion of retelling *Cinderella* as an almost possible story, without the fairy godmother or the pumpkin coach. Instead, Cinderella is the daughter of a professor of conchology in a German principality in the eighties of the last century. She goes to the Prince of Rosenburg's ball with a new dress and a forged letter of introduction given to her by a kindly dress-maker. Both text and illustrations (his own) have something of the double flavour, mock solemn for the children and sidelong-jocular for the adults, of Thackeray's *The Rose and the Ring*. Children around eight will feel flattered at seeing the joke, younger ones may miss the familiar magic.

Finally, for children who are just beginning to read on their own, the new volumes in the Reindeer and Antelope series are simply and clearly told. The quality of the writing and the illustrations varies, but the subjects are sensible – real-life themes like policemen, canals, life-boats, bee-keeping, with just the necessary spicing of adventure and fantasy. Nothing spectacular here, but good, plain bread for milk teeth.

EILEEN FRASER

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Old favourites re-issued include the new edition of H. G. Wells's *Collected Short Stories*, 1,040 pages for 13s 6d; and E. Nesbit's *Railway Children*, *Story of the Amulet*, and *Five Children and It*, 11s 6d each.

Ernest Benn

Green Grass and Frog Spawn

This Way Delight. Edited by HERBERT READ. *Faber.* 15*s.*

Rhyme and Reason. Edited by R. O'MALLEY and DENYS THOMPSON. *Chatto & Windus.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Come to the Fair. Edited by BARBARA IRESON. *Faber.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Children's Bells. By ELEANOR FARJEON. *Oxford.* 15*s.*

Prefabulous Animiles. By JAMES REEVES. Illustrated by ARDIZZONE. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

How difficult to know what it really likes, the mysterious, secret society of children. 'What I like myself,' is the usual answer, and the sensitive adult, nostalgic for his own lost, green spring, serves up a collection of nature lyrics, delicate stuff with Grade A morning dew on them. If he is not a school-teacher, luckily he does not catch the eye of real childhood, swivelling down from his galaxy of beauty to that comic under the desk-lid. The trouble is, that between poems that evoke the atmosphere of childhood for the adult, and poems which children themselves really enjoy, there is a great gulf fixed, although it is often ignored by anthologists. Herbert Read's collection, for instance, is a delightful book, radiant with that innocent eye which some post-Wordsworthians associate with children. But reading through many of its poems, those of E. E. Cummings, for example, Christina Rosetti, Campion, Peele, I kept thinking of the boys I used to teach at an LCC Grammar School; then I saw another eye, not visionary at all, but slightly glazed, and it kept swivelling down under that desk-lid.

Herbert Read, the publisher says, has chosen 'innocent' poems which are apparently perfect for children 'because their poetic essence is not clouded by passion and thought'. Having just heard my own nine-year-old chanting Vachel Lindsay gleefully from her bath,

> Hark how the demons chuckle and yell
> Cutting his hands off down in Hell.

I look upon that word 'innocent' with a slightly jaundiced eye. But without 'passion and thought' – setting aside what an emasculate monster such a poem would be – surely it is just for such qualities that children are most gluttonous. If they do not find them in the poetry-book, they may well assume that poetry is airy-fairy stuff unrelated to their own turbulent experience and stick to the comics. Some of the poems in this book *are* both passionate and thoughtful; perhaps too many, though, are the distilled essence – a brace or so of crystalline images chime melodiously together for half a dozen lines, then Finis. Can a child take much of this kind of thing neat? Of course the mature connoisseur enjoys rolling the image round his tongue, but surely the child can more easily assimilate it as part of a story, something which gives lustre to the princess or a greater gloom to the haunted wood in which she is sleeping. Haunted woods, by all means, and paradisial meadows, provided leaves crackle under foot and there's the odd rabbit scrape or patch of cow-dung. For, however mysterious, nature is real to children, and you climb her mountains, fish her streams. I suspect they may feel a trifle lost in the Arcadian landscape of *This Way Delight;* lovely it is, but there's no frog spawn and the grass is a bit too smooth and enamelled for walking.

There's plenty of passion and thought, and an abundance of real mud, animals and action, in *Rhyme and Reason*, an admirable collection for children between the ages of eleven and sixteen, or so; and the choice of poems like Peter Appleton's *The Bomb*, or W. H. Auden's *The Unknown Citizen*, rightly suggests that they can respond to difficult work if it is alive. Perhaps much of the delight of verse is a by-product of such strenuous grappling. A book like this illuminates the ordinary business of living and the mystery behind it, and for such imaginative insight a child is most eager. Sometimes the mystery is very dark, but it's there, and I suspect that children are the better for peering into it through the steady eyes of such poems as we find in this collection, such as *The Collier's Wife*. There are also some very funny poems indeed.

Come to the Fair contains a number of pleasant traditional rhymes together with a few pieces for 'Little people' which deserve to be read on Children's Hour with lashings of feeling. Although Eleanor Farjeon often lets you down with a bathetic thump that leaves you gasping, some of her songs have the anonymous life of fairy-story. I suspect that many of *The Children's Bells* will quickly rust away, but a few will be left and continue their rather beautiful chiming.

From whatever thickets and woodsheds of the imagination, pad, smile and murmur the Prefabulous Animiles of James Reeves and Edward Ardizzone, they are genuine dream beasts, moonshine on them and close as your shadow. Since they are not written for 'the children', but by the perennial child in the adult, their appeal is to all ages. Who knows, they may continue to wander through time with the creatures of Lear, Tenniel and the Reverend Dodgson.

THOMAS BLACKBURN

Good Books for Boys and Girls

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Consumers' Report

Gone Away Lake. By ELIZABETH ENRIGHT. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Wintle's Wonders. By NOEL STREATFEILD. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Full Fathom Forty. By SYBIL BURR. *Routledge.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Treasure in the Dark. By MARION CONNOCK. *Hutchinson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Blue Boat. By WILLIAM MAYNE. *Oxford.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Green Smoke. By ROSEMARY MANNING. *Constable.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Hag Calls for Help. By LORNA WOOD. *Dent.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Magic by the Lake. By EDWARD EAGER. *Macmillan.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Brought up as I was on the wonderful children's novels of E. Nesbit, and being forever under their spell, so that I tend to compare all modern magic with the Psammead and all fictional children with the Bastables, I find it hard to bring an unprejudiced mind to bear on the surging tide of modern children's books. In the interests of NEW STATESMAN readers I feel that original consumer research has become necessary, and have, therefore, regardless of expense employed the eleven- and twelve-year-old members of my family to check and counter-check my own findings. If they do worse than usual in the end-of-term exams and get thrown out of the school play, it will be solely on account of their dedicated researches into my review copies.

Comparing notes, we find we didn't always agree, so put at the top of our list the choice few about which there was simply no argument. First of these is *Gone Away Lake*, by Elizabeth Enright, who possesses so fine an ear for children's dialogue that one can only suppose she has spent years of her life listening to ten-year-old conversation. (What a fate.) Her children are, of course, like herself, American, but they transpose perfectly; indeed, the chief thing my research council has to say in their favour is that they are '*so real*'. Everything that happens is perfectly possible, with just that heightening of humour and excitement which sets Elizabeth Enright quite apart as a children's writer of the realist school.

Noel Streatfeild is almost as good in a totally different way. Her system is to choose a genuinely interesting milieu (in *Wintle's Wonders* she is concerned with those fortunate creatures, theatrical children, who have so much more amusing a time than most), and by treating it realistically, saves herself the trouble of phoney adventures.

If Sybil Burr's *Full Fathom Forty* were a grown-up's book, it would be classified, I suppose, as a thriller. Consumer research gives it top marks for story and excitement, and I would add that it is the kind of book one doesn't mind reading aloud: it's about modern smuggling, quite possible to believe in, not without a quiet humour.

Opinions are not absolutely unanimous about William Mayne's new story, *The Blue Boat*. 'A bit difficult to get *into*', I was told, 'though very good if you keep on.' I cannot see the difficulty myself; William Mayne writes so extremely well that the narrative runs without effort; but one must perhaps confess that he is at his best with choirboys and their musical small-fry, and that the ordinary little boys of *The Blue Boat*, who have adventures with a dwarf and a giant who turn out to be circus people, are not quite so enjoyable.

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Treasure in the Dark, by Marion Connock, highly recommended by the twelve-year-old department, is a nicely old-fashioned and romantic story about inheriting a fortified manor-house and retrieving the family's fortune, so that they can live in it. This takes some courage nowadays, since the democratic way of life seems to be one convention that most children's writers rather nervously observe. These children are definitely gentry (impoverished, naturally) who behave well and are brave about ghosts rather in the Frances Hodgson-Burnett tradition. Mysterious, exciting, enjoyable.

Now for the magic. *Green Smoke*, by Rosemary Manning, inspires real affection, because (I quote my collaborator) 'the dragon in it is such a *likeable* person'. The story he tells and the adventures he has are by the way; his success, in the contemporary manner, is one of *personality*. The illustrations are as endearing as the text.

Witches – real witches – are Lorna Wood's speciality, and if you think that modern children are allergic to witches, try them with *The Hag Calls for Help*. We found that after reading it we only had to shout 'Witches!' in a dark corridor to put the whole household to flight. Not serious alarm, you know, just enjoyable hysterics, because the Hag and her Vulture and Cat are also funny.

Magic by the Lake, by Edward Eager, went down well with everybody. This is magic and fantasy mixed, no nonsense about rational explanations; the children do get turned into turtles and meet mermaids and pirates, with just that saving grace (never absent from the best magic) that the parents are unable to notice anything odd. We all found this genuinely funny; it left us feeling that anything might turn out to be dangerously magic if we weren't careful. We are none of us over-careful, as it happens, and some very rum things have been happening since last night. . . .

MARGARET LANE

Round-Up

Science in Pictures

Rathbone Books are keeping up their good work of tempting children into an interest in science. The pictures, beautifully varied and brilliantly drawn and arranged, do not illustrate the text, they whet the appetite. *From Magic to Medicine*, by Ritchie Calder, and *Men, Missiles and Machines*, by Lancelot Hogben (17s. 6d. each) are first-rate introductions to medicine and the physics of power. Both authors have the special knack of making technical subjects comprehensible to lay minds, though Hogben goes a little deep at times and even includes the formula for calculating the Sputnik's velocity. *The World We Live In* (Collins, 30s.) is a children's edition of the sumptuous series of articles that *Life* recently published about geology and biology with their colour reconstructions of slightly plasticine-looking dinosaurs. This, too, is an appetite-whetter, though it is full of solid information. *The Boys' Book of Modern Scientific Wonders and Inventions* and the ditto of *Radio, Television and Radar* (Burke, 9s. 6d. each) are sober well-diagrammed works only for addicts. The nautical addict will enjoy the four-hundred-odd illustrations in C. Hamilton Ellis's *A Picture History of Ships* (Hulton, 30s.), which stretches from the Ark to Uffa Fox, but may find the *Picture Post*-ish captions too clever and facetious. The Isotype diagrams in *What's New in Flying* (Max Parrish, 6s.) look more like cardboard models made from cereal packets than gleaming duralumin, but they do explain their news very clearly, whether it is a big aeroplane that refuels four little ones or a collapsible aircraft that blows up like a beach-toy.

R. G.

Old and New Faces

Die-hard parents who tolerate no change in the books *they* loved as children can safely be recommended to the new editions of Frances Hodgson Burnett's *Secret Garden*, with the Charles Robinson pictures sacrosanct (Heinemann, 13s. 6d.) and to two of the E. Nesbits which Benn publish (11s. 6d. each) – *The Story of the Amulet* and *Five Children and It* have H. R. Millar's original drawings; but for *The Railway Children*, Lynton Lamb has been called in, to good purpose. More recent books reappearing with the same look are the Reeves-Ardizzone *Wandering Moon* (Heinemann, 9s. 6d.) and Bemelmans's *Madeline* and *Madeline's Rescue* (Deutsch, 15s. each).

New illustrations have been given to Walter de la Mare's *Collected Stories for Children* by Robin Jaques (Faber, 21s.); to Stevenson's *Black Arrow* by Lionel Edwards (Dent, 10s. 6d.); to Mary Mapes Dodge's *Hans Brinker* by Pelagie Doane (Collins, 7s. 6d.); and new frontispieces by Astrid Walford to three volumes of Mrs Molesworth (Harvill Press, 7s. 6d. each) – *The Tapestry Room*, *The Ruby Ring*, *Fairy Stories*. There are new pictures by Erik Blagrad to *Bed-knob and Broomstick* (Dent, 12s. 6d.), a complete single story which Mary Norton has now made out of her earlier *Magic Bed-knob* and *Bonfires and Broomsticks*. Pauline Diana Baynes has been inspired by Persian miniatures for her delicate colour illustrations to Amabel Williams-Ellis's lively re-telling of thirteen of *The Arabian Nights* (Blackie, 15s.) – and there is a hint of Beardsley in her black-and-white. Roland Pym has charmingly taken on the Comtesse de Ségur's *Blondine and Bear-Cub*, translated by Roland Gant (Heinemann, 10s 6d.). Two adult books now adapted for children are Corbett's *Temple Tiger* (Oxford, 10s. 6d.) and Brickhill's *Reach for the Sky* (Collins, 10s. 6d.).

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Awkward Age

One thing is absolute: the paths of Paul and Paul (born the same year and day, cousins if you like or even twins) can never, by any chance, cross. How could they indeed? The first belongs in a novel written for adults, the other in a novel for the young. This Paul, the child in children's books, is really a literary disaster; still cheerful, active and in good health (as the present supplement shows) he seems to have lost all ability to think, talk, weep, hope, love, suffer or die. The other – well, his condition is different: he is furtive, morose, unsure, misunderstood, half-way into an adolescence which his cousin will never know. He dominates and devours his elders; he thinks too much: he can, in his fictional world, be positively dangerous. The change in both, and the severing of their ways, belong to the same moment in literary time – the Freudian start of the present century.

A full-length study of the child in fiction, written at academic level, has for a long time been due. Such a book Mr Coveney has provided*; readers will find it intelligent, selective, fertile in ideas and offering little to provoke disagreement. His thesis is the passage of the Wordsworthian innocent through nineteenth-century fiction, its inevitable corruption, and entirely new appearance in the post-Freud literary world. Blake is at one pole, as Mr Coveney sees it, D. H. Lawrence (less evidently) at the other – the whole history covering under two hundred years. Before this time the child makes only a token appearance; briefly summoned, briefly dismissed, as in life.

The great rebellious voices against the age of reason came, not from the fiction writers, but from poets. Blake and Wordsworth, with only a decade or so between the significant poems, gave words to the revolt; between them they established its symbol: the romantic child; the innocent, born for joy; the visionary.

> A child, more than all other gifts
> That earth can offer to declining man,
> Brings hope with it and forward-looking thoughts.

A pretty motto: George Eliot, who could fall into gulfs of sentimentality over children, used it as the epigraph to *Silas Marner*. But it did not tally with the child, in schools, mills and homes, over the 'romantic' years.

Why did the interest in the child move to fiction? Why should the heir to Wordsworth and Blake be Dickens and not the major Victorian poets? The reason is interesting. At some point in the early century (Mr Coveney suggests) English poetic energies were deflected into the novel, and have indeed remained there, carrying the main ideas of the time, ever since. Poetry, as the central voice of our literature, became enfeebled – separated, at least, from the central stream of thought. Even in poetry, though, the tale might have been the same; the image is a highly vulnerable one. As it was, Dickens, in whose work the child appears in every possible guise, was the first to start its corruption.

The trouble, one might say, began when the coach, the Blue-Eyed Maid, took little Charles, packed in damp straw 'like game', from Chatham to Cheapside – the London of the blacking-factory. Dickens, as we know, could never forget or forgive this episode in his past; in himself he had a perpetual model of the Blake-like innocent, the victim of society. All his leading children are shown in this idealised mood, as if they were already dead – delicate, quaint, well-spoken, lonely and small. Thus, when Oliver Twist is taken by Mr Bumble to his first post, the job is naturally at an undertaker's, the setting naturally a winter's day.

> 'No, no, sir!' sobbed Oliver, clinging to the hand which held the well-known cane; 'no, no, sir; I will be good indeed; indeed, indeed I will, sir! I am a very little boy, sir; and it is – so – so – '
>
> 'So what?' inquired Bumble in amazement.
>
> 'So lonely, sir! So very lonely!' cried the child.

'I am a very little boy. . . .' Already the note is debased – the child (that is the author, Dickens) is seeing itself as a figure of pathos.

David Copperfield is direct autobiography – the forerunner of all the innumerable books of our day about a sensitive little boy growing up. Since David the boy was also David the man this child was allowed to survive. In his earlier books Nell and Paul Dombey were not. In one sense they were Dickens himself; they were also his rivals. Oliver, the earliest Dickens child (1837), lives and remains untouched but even Dickens could hardly attempt this monstrous improbability again. Pip, in a later work, lives, and loses his innocence. But *Dombey and Son*, midway in time between these, does offer a curious, almost modern variation on the theme of the child destroyed – a psychic murder of a son by a father. Paul is no orphan or beggar; he is the indulged child of a prosperous merchant's home. To Mr Coveney the account of Paul's destruction is 'without question, one of the great imaginative triumphs of English fiction. . . . It contains a metaphorical organisation which continually astounds in the way only great poetry astounds'. Paul's quaintness, in fact, his 'old-fashioned' other-worldliness, has, in this concept, a lunatic quality, an air of incipient madness. This is the Dickens grotesquerie and melancholy, the child's eye view of the world, that might have been a weakness but was actually, in Dickens's case, part of his strength. But the damage had already been done; for Dickens's followers; pathos had set in.

Sentimentality is a curious thing. It occurs in undigested lumps in as great a writer as George Eliot when she writes of little children and dogs. But Dickens himself, who started so many on the downward road, is not as guilty himself as the modern cynical reader would suppose. Compare Nell and Paul with Eppie and Totty (George Eliot), with Peter Pan or Marie Corelli's *Boy* (1900) – the Wordsworthian child in its ultimate decay.

> Lifting a pair of large, angelic blue eyes upwards, till their limpid light seemed to meet and mix with the gold-glint of his tangled curls, he murmured pathetically – 'Oh, Poo Sing! Does 'oo feel ill? . . . Oh, Poo Sing!'

(Boy is addressing his father, 'the Honourable James D'Arcy-Muir'.) It was Dickens's own self-pity that weakened the image, and it was the easy, attractive weakness that survived. It is not so much the depth as the motive of the feeling that matters, writes Mr Coveney.

> Sentimentality seems most often to derive from some self-indulgence in the author, when his feelings are motivated by a desire to emphasise some emotion unassimilated into his mature consciousness. . . . Sentimentality exaggerates and disorders; and although it does not always consume a sensibility, it always flaws. The difficulty is that sentimentality is most often sincere (except for the commercial artist who knows his audience and its weaknesses) – and this is its power. . . .

East Lynne (1861) which contains the most celebrated death in Victorian fiction, epitomises the corruption of the original image; being both 'commercial' and sincere (Mrs Henry Wood was always deeply moved by her own works) it had a double power. What would Wordsworth have thought of the ritual death of Willy, and of Mrs Wood's complacent comment: 'It is astonishing how very readily, where the right means are taken, [children] may be brought to look with pleasure, rather than fear, upon their unknown journey'? Marie Corelli was soon to state quite explicitly that it would be better for most children never to have grown up at all. 'Honestly speaking, we cannot grieve for the fair legions of beloved children who have passed away in their childhood – we know, even without the aid of Gospel comfort, that it is "far better" with them so.' Barrie, without resorting to death, goes further still in making his living child a negation of all life. It wants no burdens, thoughts or ties; it wants to know nothing. The age of two, declared its author, is the beginning of the end. Thus the Wordsworthian child has briskly become not a symbol of life but of retreat, negation and death. It is, if you think of it, the child of Trimmer and Watts, born in original sin, that really wears – that has, in fact, at last come into its own.

One might of course see, too, the impatience of guilt in the Victorian dying child – a fictional position which the child and the prostitute or 'fallen woman' (Nancy, Emily, Ruth, etc.), share. Both were brutally treated in life. Refined out of knowledge both could be admitted into the drawing room, but only on the take-it-or-leave-it terms of death.

Still, from being nowhere, the child, by the end of the century, is taking the forefront of the scene. In James, the child in the adult world is also the innocent American in the sophistications of European society; aware, but always on the fringe. Maisie's responses are entirely true throughout, though her truth hangs on the contrivance; the adult setting, so necessary for her reactions, has to be almost absurdly rigged. But the adult world is *there*, of course, as it was in the great Dickens novels. There are echoes of the lost 'innocent' in Hugh Walpole – a corrupt

* *Poor Monkey*. By PETER COVENEY. *Rockliff*. 30s.

Wordsworthian (to live, he suggests in *The Golden Scarecrow*, is to lose): in Joyce, in Virginia Woolf – though to be sure her children are very much like her adults, all sensitive, all speaking in the unifying Vulpian tongue.

But it does seem, as we look at the great child novels, old and new, that their quality lies in the acceptance of life as a whole, good, bad, or (for the design of the thing, as in James) contrived. *Huckleberry Finn* is a major novel; *Bevis* a minor one, not in the main tide. Forrest Reid is perhaps the outstanding example of the child-obsessed writer; unlike Barrie, he could not accept the adult world at all; his books with their refined, popular, pipes-of-Pan paganism are, as adult literature, weird curiosities. 'It stands to reason,' wrote Norman Douglas on *Demophon*, 'that a delicate thing like that will not appeal to the general public. Why should it? Thank God it doesn't.'

Today's extraordinary preoccupation with the child is linked, of course, with the Freudian discovery that man must look for himself in his own past. Since the adult can now identify himself with his infant image, jealousy has gone; self-love has taken its place There is no need to idealise the thing when every disagreeable has meaning and can be cherished and brooded upon. But greater freedom of subject does not always mean a greater understanding or, indeed, a greater art. Childhood is, in the end, a literary cul-de-sac; go back far enough and you come to a wall. In modern terms this would be, one supposes, the womb – and that, to be sure, is the end of all beginnings.

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Thoughts in the Wilderness. By J. B. PRIESTLEY. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*

After doing his part in creating the Welfare Whipsnade at the end of the war, Mr Priestley opted for the wilderness. As a middle-class man he believed in the welfare but mistrusted the state. He was not, he decided, an animal intended for captivity. Out there in the wilderness he grazes on bitter grasses, remembering the sweets of the past; then he gets into a huff, trots back to the enclosure and roars over the ditch to remind us poor beasts on the far side of what we have lost. He harangues us scornfully about our new, tame habits; sends up lonely or ferocious trumpetings at night and generally tries to make us less respectful to the dull but cunning keepers who have turned us and our once real culture into a 'great Idle Show'. Occasionally, some snake spits back at him or some literary llama looks down its nose; then our pachyderm is hurt, explains that he is only trying to provoke us and wake us up twice a month when we read him in the NEW STATESMAN.

A substantial collection of these growls can now be read in volume form. It is common for such articles to lose their force when they are reprinted, but Mr Priestley's become stronger and more cogent. They are accomplished, rapid, shrewd, sensible and picturesque and make a most enjoyable book. That they are mostly black or white generalisations and uncheckable assertions does not matter. Critics have, in the last ten years, reproached Mr Priestley for going sour. The criticism is inapt. From the beginning he has always been a good hater, a blunt satirist alive with scorn, and at his best in wit and wickedness. He is excellent in the cruelties of comedy and the blunt retort. Disguised as *Le Penseur* he is no more interesting than any man in the train, but as the indignant man hot under the collar or the sharp fellow discerning a swindle, he is full of good phrases. He says, in these essays, what we all think – in the present transition – of the new mass culture, of committees and pedagogues. The vogue of sadism in popular literature may indicate that the unconscious hates the kind of society we have created; he protests that society has become too much dominated by the male power-loving principle; about our fantasies, that there is more to be said for that odd and original beast, the unicorn, than for the shabby old lion.

Occasionally Mr Priestley moves from his general pessimism about the state of our conurbated culture into a closer inspection of the subject. What is the use of having good schools if we throw the children out into bad streets? Especially when the average boy learns more out of school than he does in it. Literary culture – especially as he hankers after it in its very middling condition in the works of Chesterton and Belloc – who dominated his youthful reading – is fading. (His love of general literariness is the side I like least in Mr Priestley's writing.) It is replaced now, he notes, by a culture based on the eye. The mass public does not read, but it does look at pictures. The young prefer paintings and music to books. Why not? Is this not the other side of the culture of 'the great Idle Show' that Mr Priestley deplores? When I look back on my own youth, not so very different in time and condition from Mr Priestley's, I certainly remember the passion for literature; but, outside of that, the meanness, the cheap poverty, the ugliness, the stale boredom, the pathetic snobberies and self-congratulatory frustrations of life among the lower middle classes in England are a nightmare to look back on. A bit of idle showiness would have been a relief to life in Penge and Camberwell. But it is very adroit of Mr Priestley to have bounced us into believing that if things are not black they must be white. At night, in my Whipsnade, when I am awakened by his alarm from the wilderness outside, he makes me go and talk it over with the zebra first.

V. S. PRITCHETT

O Magyar

Imre Nagy on Communism. *Thames & Hudson.* 30*s.*

The Nineteen Days. By GEORGE URBAN. *Heinemann.* 30*s.*

Few who heard them will forget Imre Nagy's last recorded words. They came over the air on that black Sunday, 4 November 1956, and the only one that people here could understand was 'Magyar'. It turns up again in *Imre Nagy on Communism*: 'O Magyar,' he quotes, 'keep forever thy native country's trust.' This is an extraordinary document, beyond question authentic, tedious and exciting by turns. Its purpose accounts both for the tedium and for the excitement. It is inside stuff, an argument meant not for publication but for the leaders of the Soviet and Hungarian Communist parties; in it the old party man breaks half out of his accustomed talk of deviations and scientific laws and announces a discovery – the nation cannot live unless it enjoys true independence, or the party unless it defends 'the simple basic laws of morals and justice'.

'The world will rush past us, and our country will be left behind, if we do not step out of the narrow framework of Stalinist dogmas . . .' That was Nagy's urgent message. The book consists of an introduction and twenty-five papers, most of them written in the summer of 1955. Nagy, who in 1953-4 had presided over the first, contested attempt at a tactical retreat from Stalinism – the 'June course' – had been thrown out of the Premiership and the central committee as a 'Right-wing deviationist'; his expulsion from the party was still to come. In these papers he sought to prove, not just that his carrying out of the June course made political sense – which it did – but that it sprang from the purest principles of Marxism-Leninism, while his opponents' views were un-Marxist, 'anti-party, anti-people'. Hence the tedium – made worse by a clumsy translation uncertainly edited. As a Marxist disputant Nagy is little better than other post-Stalin Communist leaders: like them he marshals scripture to say, in effect, 'I am right and you are wrong', and like them he has forgotten how to say anything briefly. Our Marxist dons could probably give him points; but then they do not have to govern Hungary. What matters is that in essentials Nagy *was* right and Rakosi and Gerö were wrong. Going back to the June policy, he told them, might yet avert disaster. But

> if this does not happen soon, there is a danger that the masses, having lost their faith, will reject both the June way and the Communist party, and it will become necessary to make a much greater retreat in order to keep the situation under control.

That is just what happened; only the retreat was cut off by Soviet tanks.

Nagy has much to say about the evils of break-neck industrialisation in Hungary. Most of it is

incontrovertible even among Communists – he is able to quote Mikoyan in support. But then, for all the heat and name-calling, the dispute is at bottom about tactics – about the need for a Hungarian NEP during what Nagy calls a 'temporary transition period'. His really original thinking has little to do with economics. After many years of – perhaps saddened – acquiescence in Stalinism, Nagy, in a paper written two winters ago, comes out as a patriot. 'The interests of the working class and the nation are identical', and this is not a bromide; beyond the Tito-like call for every nation to shake off 'subordination and dependence' and find its own 'path to socialism', the old Magyar pride of inheritance is at work. 'The inner tension in Hungary . . . is chiefly *political*' (my italics) because 'the leadership is opposing the ideals of national independence, sovereignty, and equality, as well as Hungarian national feeling and progressive traditions'. Nor is this all. Nagy takes quite seriously the United Nations Charter and the 'five principles' of co-existence. He wants an 'independent national foreign policy'; he calls for 'the liquidation of such [power] groups as may exist' – in whose rivalries the Hungarians 'must not become participants'; 'we are members not only of the Socialist camp but of the great community of nations . . . the barriers . . . must be torn down'. It is a moving thing to see the tug of European feeling upon this tough old heart; and it shows that when Nagy on 1 November tried to take Hungary out of the Warsaw Pact and make her a neutral on the Austrian model he was acting from conviction.

Still, Nagy has not worked it all out. It is excellent to denounce the 'Bonapartist' regime that keeps more people in gaol than ever before, that puts torturers into the seats of power, that makes People's Democracy appear 'synonymous with the anarchy of law and order'. Here Nagy is patently sincere. But how would he have ruled if he had managed to stay in office as the Hungarian Gomulka? How would he have reconciled party control of national life (in which he still believed) with freedom (which Hungary demanded)? No more than Tito or Krushchev could he find a way.

Mr Urban has written a painstaking account of the revolution, but it lacks narrative drive and comes to a halt every so often while the author, a BBC broadcaster, tells us what the radio stations had to say at the time. Journalists like to think that they influence events. So they do, but not all that much. People who will not wait for Krushchev will not wait for the BBC.

JOHN ROSSELLI

New Novels

Ten Pollitt Place. By C. H. B. KITCHIN. *Secker & Warburg.* 15*s.*

The Keys of St. Peter. By ROGER PEYREFITTE. *Secker & Warburg.* 18*s.*

The Price of Diamonds. By DAN JACOBSON. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The Blue Chips. By JAY DEISS. *Hamish Hamilton.* 15*s.*

Towards the end of *Ten Pollitt Place* Mr Kitchin states the problem of the ageing writer and the changing contemporary scene with much cogency. 'Your trouble – our trouble', says a critic friend to Justin Bray, the dilettante novelist, one of the seven or eight characters who inhabit the house in the run-down SW neighbourhood –

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ourselves to it – however carefully we vulgarise our style . . . whatever slick phrases we borrow from the other side of the Atlantic, we can't really keep up. . . . Our whole attitude to life is retrospective. We can't disguise the fact that we think it a pity the world isn't what it was in nineteen-ten, and when we remember that most of our readers don't think so at all, we become cross with them, and tend to point out what very poor creatures they are, in their heyday, compared with what we used to be in ours. Not unnaturally they don't like it. . . .

Perfectly true as far as it goes. The critic was in fact advising poor old Justin to give up writing novels altogether. There are, however, apart from exercising the creative imagination, in which Justin was obviously deficient, various devices for swimming with the stream of time. The one which Mr Kitchin has chosen, typical of his sharp intelligence, is the intensive topographical and sociological survey. (With London changing so rapidly the utmost precision is needed. No use retiring to the Dingle Peninsula to write your vast contemporary chronicle: before you are halfway through, Greenery Street has become the centre of the red light district.)

Pollitt Place I would locate in the Bromptonian part of Kensington, very near the precincts of Harrods. No. 10 belongs to a tough, sinister old Cornish country lady who has installed her former cook, Mrs Muller, with her two children, Magda and Hugo, in the basement, and let off other floors. Magda and Hugo are the active principals. She is having a love-affair with a married man. He is really rather too psychopathological to be convincing: a clairvoyant, nymphomaniacally homosexual fifteen-year-old. He carries on a campaign against the local demi-monde, painting up a notice 'a tart lives here' on a doorway, and makes passionate love to a handsome dustman. There are various wry touches of unexpectedness throughout. The writing, as you would expect from Mr Kitchin, is elegant and precise. He certainly gives you a 'good read', even if the characters with whom he has populated his up-to-the-minute locale do not quite pass the roundness test.

The Roman Catholic Church is such a hardy perennial – especially in France, where cabaret entertainers continue to draw laughs with imitations of nuns in the Jardin des Plantes – that I can just understand the popularity of *The Keys of St Peter*: 500,000 copies sold in France and Italy. I doubt if it will have a comparable success over here. It is certainly amusing; but you need to be feeling very strongly about Popery to take quite such a concentrated dose of jokes about relics, weeping Madonna's, Holy Ghost's sneezes, canonisations, indulgences, and all the rest of the Roman scandals, at a gulp without pausing for breath. The theological expertise may be coruscating; and there is much ingenious use of present-day Vatican preoccupations with dollars, with communism and worker priests, and, rather far-fetchedly, the Montesi case. But this is a genre in which there has already been strong competition. We have a right to expect livelier characterisation and neater form than M. Peyrefitte offers. His young French seminarist, whose seduction by the cardinal's chaplain's niece provides the plot, is a waxwork. The cardinal, who exudes humanist tolerance, is also from stock. These defects, together with some bewildering inconsistencies in mood, deprive the novel of any claim to being a finished masterpiece. A pity, because the wealth of comic detail assembled is formidable and some of the descriptions of the Roman scene are quite excellent.

It was a triumph for the public relations department of the diamond monopoly that it was able to attach a social stigma to the enterprising profession of IDB. The heroes of Mr Jacobson's picaresque story are a delightfully contrasted pair of old Jews, Fink and Gottlieb, intent on scoring off each other as well as the industry. They operate in a struggling South African mining town. The acquisition of a matchboxful of illicit stones causes them to change roles, so that the law-abiding Gottlieb turns pirate instead of the less conventional Fink. Plot and character are neatly integrated here; at the same time the atmosphere has a quality of life-like obliquity. *The Price of Diamonds* is Mr Jacobson's third novel; it proves that he combines stamina with versatility.

Collectors of the curiosities of fiction should not miss *The Blue Chips*, an altogether unusual blend of social realism and modern American magazine romance. The setting is behind the scenes of the antibiotics industry, which is described in profuse and, presumably, informed detail. Dr Howell Winslow, a brilliant microbiologist, is inveigled into conducting a vast and intensive research for Faber King Inc. He finally loses his integrity though not quite in the way you expect. His love affairs, with the honest young woman doctor colleague and the degenerate millionairess he eventually marries, are weirdly unreal but by no means unreadable. His story will reinforce any suspicions you may be harbouring about the American drug and its manufacture and marketing.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

The original edition of André Maurois's study of the Dumas family was reviewed by Ralph Partridge in our French Books Number of 7 September; it has now appeared in a translation by Gerard Hopkins under the title of *Three Musketeers* (Cape, 35s.).

Mr France

The Strange History of Pierre Mendès-France. By ALEXANDER WERTH. *Barrie.* 30*s.*

The recent French crisis – the longest and perhaps the most serious in the history of the Fourth Republic – attracted little attention in the British press and less among the public. Of course, French politics are complicated, obscure and repetitive. But I feel that one of the reasons why British people now take so little interest in them is the poor quality of our correspondents in Paris. It is a grave reflection on our serious press that the best informed among them is the representative of the *Evening Standard*. (Not that *Standard* readers would be aware of it.) It seems, therefore, a journalistic tragedy that Alexander Werth is no longer writing from Paris in the columns of a great national daily. Of the countless books written on post-war France – mainly by 'objective' dons of the Pickles-Williams school – his magisterial *France, 1940-1955*, is the only one likely to survive. He has now complemented it by a more detailed study of Mendès-France. Although it contains a full and immensely readable account of Mendès' career – together with a thorough survey of the North African tragedy which engulfed him – the book is more a dossier than a biography. For, like the good reporter he is, Werth contents himself with presenting the evidence, and leaves the conclusions to the reader.

Such a method has an additional advantage, for Werth, as he admits, is just as puzzled by Mendès as the rest of us. Most of the great politicians of the post-war era – Eisenhower, Nehru, Bevan, Adenauer and Krushchev – have obvious attractions and qualities, defects and limitations, which a writer can analyse with some degree of precision, and so present a portrait which is both accurate and intelligible in terms of their actions. Mendès is much more elusive. In some ways, it is true, he is an attractive figure. He drew back into the orbit of political life thousands of young Frenchmen who had fled from it in intellectual disgust; and I date my own disenchantment with France from the day a violent and hysterical Assembly threw out his government. Yet he has never had any close political friends. Even the members of his famous 'brains trust' were kept at a frigid distance. He never relaxes or unbuttons, rarely asks for advice except on technical matters. He has no weaknesses – itself a weakness. He has, too, an immense capacity for arousing hatred, to the point where it blinds men even to his most obvious gifts. This is rare. Roosevelt, Lloyd George, Bevan made violent enemies; but none would deny their abilities. I have heard French politicians, who share many of Mendès' opinions, hotly contest that he has either intelligence or political courage – views which would seem deliberately perverse if they did not spring from a deep, almost physical, antipathy. I don't think this can be explained by anti-semitism. There are a dozen or more Jews at the summit of French politics, none of whom has suffered in this way; and one of Mendès' bitterest enemies, René Mayer, is Jewish. In France, anti-semitism intensifies hatreds, it does not create them.

Yet Mendès' racial origins have played some part in shaping his life. Like most French Jews of the *haute bourgeoisie*, his personality has been formed by the deliberate and ruthless rejection, over many generations, of all the characteristics commonly supposed to be Jewish. This process has produced not archetypal Frenchmen, but what might be called inverted Jews. Expansiveness, colour, emotion and melancholy have been trans-

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formed into passionless intelligence. There are many such men holding positions of great power in modern France, notably in the civil service and and the new empires of economics and technology. They consciously eschew the traditional fields of commerce and finance. Unconsciously, they avoid politics also, for here success depends not on the ability to exclude, but to include.

Without pressing this theory too far, it could be argued that Mendès made a mistake in entering politics. Though he accepted, intellectually, that the raw material of politics is people, not ideas, and that democracy is based not so much on the blending of measures, but of men, he was never able to convince his colleagues that he believed it in practice. His cabinet was not a happy one, his relations with the other parties impossible, almost from the start. Their leaders felt, perhaps wrongly, that he despised them; and contempt, unlike hatred, is an unforgivable political attitude. Mendès is often compared with Cripps; in fact, he has more in common with Peel, or even Castlereagh. But whereas Peel had the constant backing of a Great Personage, and lacked the handicap of brilliance, Mendès stood alone on his pinnacle. The story might have been different if De Gaulle had given him unqualified backing. Indeed, had Mendès lived in the age of Enlightened Despotism, he would have made a most successful minister. Instead, he forced himself to become an enlightened democrat. His failure clearly bewildered him, but because, unlike De Gaulle, he has a rational – if not emotional – conviction that democracy can be made to work, he has not retired into embittered isolation, but clings, hopefully if precariously, to the rim of the parliamentary wheel.

PAUL JOHNSON

A Familiar Concept?

Intention. By G. E. M. ANSCOMBE. *Blackwell.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Take any of the really provocative yet somehow elusive issues in modern thought – the reform of the law, the criticism of the arts, the understanding of the unconscious – and you will invariably find the concept of 'intention' or 'motive' in the thick of the difficulties. Why is this? Why should a concept so familiar and so undeniably useful cause us in our practical as well as in our theoretical moments so much perplexity? An obvious and tempting answer is that the concept is unclear because the facts that lie behind it are so opaque: in consequence if we really want to find out more about 'intention' we need to look closer at our intentions. But, as Miss Anscombe points out, this line of inquiry is blocked to us, because it seems impossible to find any phenomenon or set of phenomena either internally in the mind or externally in behaviour that we can isolate and call the 'element of intention'. Brighter prospects seem to lie in quite the opposite direction: in examining the whole context – particularly, as it turns out, the verbal context – in which we ascribe intention to an agent and his action. We attribute intention to an agent when we can go on to ask certain further questions about his action, and we can ask these questions of him when we can credit him with a certain kind of knowledge. . . .

But it would be vain to try and summarise Miss Anscombe's argument: vainer than with most philosophical arguments. For Miss Anscombe is a close pupil of Wittgenstein, and in consequence believes and acts upon the belief that the value of philosophy lies in its detail, in the way it edges you on from point to point rather than in the actual

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Having reached the age of 75, and on medical advice, Sir Eric Miller has resigned the chair he has held since 1924, but remains a Director. His colleagues agree that his load must now be lightened, but they have sought how best to mark his exceptional services. Hence, stockholders are being asked to approve a new clause in the Articles of Association naming him Life President. My colleagues have done me the honour of inviting me to succeed Sir Eric as Chairman.

The Group Profits for the year, after charging £881,828 for taxation, amounted to £561,352. The directors recommend a final dividend of 10 per cent. on the Deferred Ordinary Stock, making 15 per cent. for the year. This repeats last year's distribution.

The main feature of the Consolidated Balance Sheet is the strong liquid position. Net Current Assets have risen during the year to £6,413,000, excluding Trade Investments. In the stringent credit conditions now ruling Stockholders can take satisfaction from the knowledge that available resources are ample both for current needs and for new opportunities. Group Reserves amount to £4,359,000.

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Contrast this with the activities of the take-over speculators, who, in the main, have no stake in the country and no knowledge of planting or local conditions. Their object is to make a quick profit, and to obtain control of the cash resources which have been carefully built up over the years by the Plantation Companies they take over. Instead of being utilised for further development of productive capacity these resources are then as a rule diverted to quite other purposes and lost to Malaya. It is not overstating the problem to say that this movement, if allowed to continue, could bring in its train unemployment, fragmentation and mis-management of estates, and even communal strife, the very results at which the Communists aimed but without success.

TEA AND RUBBER

TEA: With the knowledge that in total there is ample tea available, and with pressure of supplies tending to lower the price of plainer qualities, it has been possible for blenders to pay high prices both in London and in the East for best quality teas, in the knowledge that their overall cost is unlikely to rise to the extent necessary to force an increase in retail prices. Overall production of tea in the world continues to expand, and it is not easy to see where the extra tea will be absorbed. Output in the main producing countries outside china in 1957 will probably prove to be some 40 million lbs. in excess of that in 1956. The acreage under tea in Africa is increasing by approximately 5 per cent. annually, and it is estimated that within eight to ten years from now production there will have reached an annual figure of 100 million lbs., and this may well be achieved at an earlier date, as the new plantings made soon after the last war come into full bearing.

RUBBER: The year has not been without difficulty for the industry. Opening under the shadow of Suez, with prices at a relatively high level, there has been a steady drift downwards in line with most other primary commodities. Rubber in the past has had its testing periods, and in common with other commodities will have them again. But the world cannot do without rubber, and there seems no reason to qualify Sir Eric Miller's often expressed conviction that in an expanding world economy there is plenty of room *both* for natural rubber and synthetic in the foreseeable future.

CURRENT YEAR: Although profits at the beginning of the current year compare favourably with those of a year ago, the present is a specially difficult time to attempt any realistic estimate of what the full year is likely to yield at 30 June next

spot at which it leaves you. But what certainly can be said in general is that books like this suggest a new hope for the Philosophy of Mind, until recently so despised a branch of the subject. For whereas works in the old style, however powerful or perceptive they might be, had inevitably a depressing character on account of the way they disposed of all human experience into a number of technical and abstract categories, works in the new style which draw their inspiration from the ordinary language of description reveal the life of the mind to be at least as rich and differentiated as we usually think it to be, if not more so.

Miss Anscombe is a very ingenious stylist and the reader should be careful to take up her book at what he finds to be his most attentive hour.

RICHARD WOLLHEIM

Week-end Competition

Competition No. 1,447 **Set by Cynosure**

When I went into a bar and asked for a Bloody Mary (Vodka, tomato juice and Worcester sauce) the barman answered: 'If only I had some sour grapes and a hair of the dog I could make you a Sputnik cocktail.' Readers are invited to concoct similar topical drinks with real or imaginary ingredients. The usual prizes for the best set of three; entries by November 26.

Result of No. 1,443 **Set by Cyanide**

Competitors are invited to submit their idea, in not more than 150 words, of the Perfect Crime.

Report

Some of these entries ought, no doubt, to be forwarded to Scotland Yard; however—while appropriating hints for my own use—I shall treat the whole matter as confessional, except for the prize-winners who must take their chance. Ideas of the perfect crime varied considerably from a stamp that had missed franking being steamed off and used again, to a method for stealing an OBE. One lady asserted the Government had already brought off the perfect confidence trick with its Post-War Credits. The horrific was introduced with a subliminal home cinema interleaving its pictures of the kiddies with the adjuration to an invited enemy—Hang Yourself! Then there was a stiletto of ice down a snorer's throat, for which in due course a fish-bone would be substituted. A company secretary made out the cheques in quick-fade ink before getting them signed. Another began an elaborate bank swindle with the advice 'Deposit £15,000 . . .'; but one wondered where he would find such a sum; he ended by apologising for not having a typewriter. 'The Rape of the Sabine Women' stolen; a popular crooner knifed by a bobby-soxer (female impersonator); a Channel tunnel with vacuum suction for cleaning up suburbs in the southern counties and depositing them in France; Mr R. H. S. Crossman captured by Bedouins and kept, tending sheep and camels, till Glubb Pasha's new book should have been out too long to review; radium in the back teeth of rich Patagonian widows—this for dentists; and most macabre of all, a cry, in a Mac the Knife melodrama, of 'Muggeridge for President'!

Runners-up: N. S. Smith, Anon, C. Christian, Anatol, Vera Telfer, L'Amoral, G. J. Blundell, D. P. Peddy, M. Allan. Winners, dividing equally: J. Aitken, James S. Fidgen, A. G. White, R. M. Anthony, Ethel Talbot Scheffauer, E. F. Choppen.

I hated Reginald Demesne ever since the day he kicked me, after a quarrel with my mistress and his. But no one knew this, or would have thought it of any importance.

Three months later came my opportunity for revenge. He was escorting me on my evening walk, holding my lead absent-mindedly. I went along quietly in front of him, pausing as usual at the third lamp-post. There I saw a large car approaching fairly rapidly. I made a sudden dart into the road, and Demesne, apparently blinded by thought, mistook me for a guide-dog and stepped off the pavement after me. I tugged my lead from his careless hand, and reached the other side in safety. Later the police restored me to my mistress.

The verdict on Demesne was 'accidental death', the motorist being completely exonerated. My name was never mentioned. J. AITKEN

First select your victim—not an enemy, or a relation, or even a friend, and *you* must not be his secretary, chauffeur or butler, or suspicion may fall on you. But, you must not be the *least* likely person. You are bound to be suspected.

The motive must be trivial. Dress as a postman. Knock on the door, and as the selectee comes to answer, propel a razor-sharp sliver of ice through the letter-box with force. Retire immediately to a nearby cinema—choosing a cowboy film. You will be able to guess the rest of the plot, thus establishing a watertight alibi.

Meanwhile the ice will melt and the water evaporate, and the cadaver will lie inexplicably dead with no *evident* motive, no murder weapon in a house locked from the inside.

[Oh! About the postman's uniform! Send it to a laundry—they'll render it unrecognisable!]

JAMES FIDGEN

The Perfect Crime can only be murder that is undetectable—and this is primarily a question of disposing of the body. Since it is bones, not flesh, that are, as it were, the core of the matter, the would-be perfectionist in murder might be well advised to obtain employment with the firm I work for—human osteologists that supply 'articulated' skeletons to hospitals and television drama producers, 'half-sets' to medical students, jaws to dentists, foot bones to chiropodists, and skulls to theatres putting on *Hamlet*. There is always a large and varied stock—and stock-taking is never too exact. . . .

A. G. WHITE

1. Remove (by stealth) the sources of gravity from the earth.

2. Stand well clear and watch events.

R. M. ANTHONY

To dispose of useless husband—Using ingratiating approach administer heavy but innocuous sleeping draught, in whisky or other favoured medium. When asleep place in warm bath of concentrated bath-salts or sugar to taste (i.e., saturated soln). Cool rapidly throwing in handful of crystals to encourage crytallisation of the whole, thus trapping head, legs and arms of victim. Fill bath with warm water and wait till drowned (10-15 mins). Stir to redissolve crystals and run off. Refill with tepid water, call doctor, police, family, etc. Sad tale of drink, drugs, sybaritic indulgence. Misadventure. Mem.: Experimental solution should be made up to determine quantities and temperature, using large teddy-bear or small teddy-boy.

E. F. CHOPPEN

The Perfect Crime must induce no remorse, a feeling both uncomfortable and profitless: an element of altruism is required to turn negative no-remorse into positive self-satisfaction. The best scheme is to rob a bank; banks have no feelings and no private moneys—the loss will be made good by the rest of the combine. You first become a bank employee; after a few months you leave one night with several years of affluence disposed about your person. You have previously selected a family with children who can never afford a holiday. You purchase a caravan and deposit this in their back garden, labelled—'This is yours'. So much for altruism. Disguised as a West Indian, you now sail as stoker on a ship bound for the sunshine and, establishing a small business, either grow rich or live in modest comfort on the fruits of your ingenuity.

ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

City Lights

Short of the Ideal

It is not often that a British bank goes out of business. Fleet Street made the most of it (Wall Street Crashing, Banks Failing) when the Ideal Bank, a private Birmingham savings bank with deposits of about £1m., announced three weeks ago that it was suspending all withdrawals because of the general financial position. The chairman of the Ideal, Major C. Ashford Elton, hurried down to consult counsel. Counsel sagely advised him to have a word with Barclays, the bank's bankers. Barclays, after thinking the thing over for a week, decided to take over the Ideal and assume responsibility for its deposits.

The Ideal Bank was founded a century ago, mainly to provide small savings facilities for members of the Ideal Benefit Society. It transacted its business through the 28 branches of the Benefit Society scattered through the Midlands and had some 9,500 depositors, more than 2,000 of them holding less than £5 apiece. The money—and this was the root of the trouble—is invested in gilt-edged stocks. These stocks were relatively long-dated. When Bank Rate went up and interest rates rose, their market value fell sharply: they could be realised in an emergency, but only at a sizeable loss. Its cash exhausted, the bank had to suspend withdrawals.

The large joint-stock banks, which are free to earn money by making advances and have traditionally strict standards of liquidity, are safe against this kind of disaster. Savings banks – the Yorkshire Penny Bank, for example – have suffered similar disasters in the past. But there are now very few private savings banks like the Ideal left in existence, and they account for only a tiny part of the country's small savings. Most small savings are invested either in the Post Office bank (£1,700m.) or in one of the 84 Trustee savings banks (£1,100m.). The first is run by the state, and cash deposited with it is handed over to the National Debt Commissioners in return for a rate of interest fixed by parliament. The Trustee banks are controlled by various acts of parliament: they are subject to inspection, and they are bound to hand over their surplus cash, like the Post Office bank, to the National Debt Commissioners. The Trustee banks, it is true, do run special investment departments. Deposits with these earn a slightly higher rate of interest, but the cash is not handed over to the Debt Commissioners and they are not guaranteed by the state – though they are safe enough.

The risk to the public of misfortune or mismanagement does exist – not so much with savings banks as with the building societies and HP finance houses which advertise for deposits. Most of these institutions are sound, but the investor's only guarantee lies in their reputation. Building societies are subject to the general supervision of the Registrar of Friendly Societies, but there is no control at all over finance houses and 'industrial banks'. The best solution might be to make it compulsory for all such institutions to insure their deposits with the Bank of England.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 418. Trouble for the Asking

No need to ask for it, though; certainly not in the opening and ever since modern master practice has been striving to fight for advantages right from the start. Take the old-fashioned Lopez lines leading to this pawn-formation. /8/ppp2ppp/3p4/8/4P3/8/PPP2PPP/8/. It is hardly ever seen these days, but our elders fancied such defence for the very reason that White's considerable advantage in space and mobility might tempt him to overreach himself. It happened often enough, but here (Tarrasch-Schlechter, 1894) is a fine example of how best to exploit that opening advantage.

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; (3) B-Kt5, P-Q3; (4) P-Q4, B-Q2; (5) Kt-B3, Kt-B3; (6) O-O, B-K2; (7) R-K1, Kt x QP; (8) Kt x Kt, P x Kt; (9) B x B ch, Q x B; (10) Q x P, O-O; (11) P-QKt3!, KR-K1; (12) B-Kt2, B-B1; (13) QR-Q1, Q-B3; (14) R-Q3, R-K3; (15) QR-K3, QR-K1; (16) P-KR3, Q-Kt3; (17) Q-Q3, P-B3; (18) Kt-R4, Q-B2; (19) P-QB4!, Kt-Q2; (20) K-R1, P-B3; (21) Q-B2, Kt-K4; (22) Kt-B3, Kt-B2; (23) P-KKt4!, Q-R4; (24) R-Q1, Q-Kt3; (25) P-KR4, Kt-K4; (26) R-Kt3, Kt-B2; (27) P-B3, Kt-R1; (28) Kt-K2, Q-B2; (29) R(1)-KKt1, Q-KB2; (30) Kt-Q4, R(3)-K2; (31) P-Kt5!, P x P; (32) R x P, P-KKt3; (33) Kt-B5, R-K4 (best); (34) P-B4!, R x Kt; (35) P x R, B-Kt2; (36) P x P, resigns.

White won this game because he never gave Black a chance of relieving the tension by judicious exchanges, such as Capablanca (Black) brought about in his game against Lasker at New York, 1924.

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; (3) B-Kt5, P-Q3; (4) P-Q4, B-Q2; (5) Kt-B3, Kt-B3; (6) O-O, P x P; (7) Kt x P, B-K2; (8) P-QKt3, Kt x Kt; (9) Q x Kt, B x B; (10) Kt x B, Kt-Q2!; (11) B-R3, P-QR3!

Immediate . . . B-B3 would be countered by (12) Q-B4; (12) Kt-B3, B-B3; (13) Q-Q3, O-O; (14) QR-Q1, B x Kt!; (15) Q x B, R-K1; (16) KR-K1, R-QB1; (17) [illegible], B-Kt2 would be countered by . . . Q-Kt4 Kt-K4; (18) B-Kt2, Q-Kt4!, the idea being to counter (19) R-K by . . . Q-Kt5. White played (19) Q-Kt3 and Black, rid of any trouble, soon forced a draw.

I found these interesting items in Euwe's and Kramer's *Het Middenspel*, the German edition of which has just been completed by its 3rd vol. *Das Mittelspiel* (Verlag: *Das Schacharchiv*, Hamburg 1957. DM.4.20). The present volume is mainly devoted to various pawn-formations, dealing first with closed formations (such as stonewall and Wyvill); then with open ones (such as Lopez, French and Caro-Kann) and finally with half-open formations, a most interesting section giving chapter and verse for the fact that a passed pawn, even when supported by a fellow-pawn may well be a liability rather than an asset if its progress is effectively blocked by a Kt. The explanations are lucid and the illustrations a judicious mixture from 'ancient' and modern master practice.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a spectacular mate in 3 achieved in blindfold play. **B** and **C** (for 6 and 7 ladder-points) are both wins for White. Usual prizes. Entries by 5 November.

A: M. Tchigorin

B: A. Hildebrand 1957

C: L. Prokes 1957

REPORT on No. 415. Set 26 October.

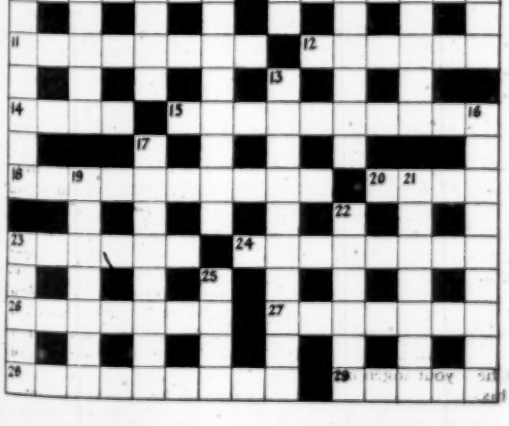
A: (1) . . . R-R4 ch; (2) K-Kt1, R x R; (3) Kt x P, R-R8 ch!; (4) K x R, R-K8 ch; (5) K-R2, R-R8 ch etc.
B: (1) B-B3 ch, K-B4; (2) B-K4! R-R7!; (3) Kt x R!!, P x Kt; (4) K-B1, P – Q ch; (5) B-Kt1 etc.
(1) . . . K-K4 is countered by (2) B x P, R-Kt8; (3) B x P, R x P, (4) B x P!
C: (1) Q-K4 ch, K-Kt1; (2) R-Kt6 ch!! B x R (best); (3) K-R6 R-Q2; (4) Q-R8 ch!! K x Q; (5) Kt x B ch, K-Kt1; (6) Kt x R ch etc.

Plenty of correct solutions. Prizes: M. A. Anderson, B. Katz (one of our Israeli competitors), J. R. Harman, A. Toomre, M. B. Yeats. In the 32nd ladder decade (concluded 5 Oct.), a neck-and-neck finish by C. Sansom and W. H. L. Brooking who scored 864 and 862 points since starting from scratch after the 26th and 27th decade respectively. 3rd prize K. Beaumont (835), one of the 21st dec. winners in April 1955. 4th, A. J. Roycroft who totted up a fast 795 since the 28th decade last December.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 277

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 277, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 26 Nov.



ACROSS

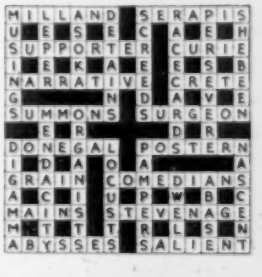
1. Title parents half possess (5).
4. Dental inspection necessary, but it is free (4, 5).
9. Pity about the code (7).
10. The fool has a short drink in inappropriate vessels (7).
11. The end of a road and a learner in springtime (8).
12. Does the bachelor have confidence in his nakedness? (6).
14. Weary wear (4).
15. Perhaps she trained to be discouraging (10).
18. A priest makes an effort for animal homes (10).
20. Place in which one can ski every winter (4).
23. Take salt with advertisements for food (6).
24. Ambitious for a little more than a drug (8).
26. The old boy consumed about half a dozen to get in first (7).
27. Perform extravagantly in two bits of play (7).
28. The flowers match the paving (9).
29. The number in the river is abundant (5).

DOWN

1. There is poetry in a name for a boundary (9).
2. The advanced students reconstruct the remains (7).
3. A second-class thoroughfare overseas (6).
4. Soldiers rise after danger is dispersed (10).
5. 'Cromwell, damned to everlasting ——' (Pope) (4).
6. Seasoned mahogany? (8).
7. Clothes for me in a train smash (7).
8. A short piece of writing but it is in the press a year (5).
13. A trio with music for a good age (10).
16. In saving wrecked goddess keeps on course (9).
17. Apparatus to make a girl breathless (8).
19. Country for which I toss up over the way (7).
21. I get married without an object to copy (7).
22. Best if returned home (6).
23. It is a hoax when dandies rise about nothing (5).
25. One Roman without a hittorian (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 275



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 275

W. C. Potts (Scarborough), Miss M. K. Brookes (Birmingham), Mrs K. Copi (London, NW11).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

GRANADA TV NETWORK require an experienced producer/director to take charge of all their film production activities. These range from public affairs programmes, home and abroad, through scientific films and Granada Zoological films, to insets for drama and light programmes.

Replies to: Denis Forman, GRANADA TV NETWORK, LTD., 36 Golden Square, London, W1.

ALSO Granada TV, in conjunction with the Zoological Society of London, are establishing a Film Unit at Regent's Park to produce zoological films for Universities and schools, for television programmes and cinemas.

The following staff are needed: PRODUCER DIRECTOR: Experienced man or woman with knowledge of film technique and with interest in animals. Administrative ability essential; knowledge of scientific film technique desirable. CAMERAMEN: Experienced and versatile. Knowledge of 16 and 35mm B & W and colour. Some special knowledge of shooting under scientific conditions an asset.

Replies to: Denis Forman, GRANADA TV NETWORK, LTD., 36 Golden Square, London, W1.

Experienced

MALE SOCIAL WORKERS

are required by ONTARIO DEPARTMENT OF REFORM INSTITUTIONS to work with Juveniles or Adults in reformatories. Civil service benefits include cumulative sick leave, annual paid holiday, 5-day week, superannuation, annual increments. Salary range from $3,600 to $4,900 per annum.

Interviewing and engagement will be completed in London. Assistance in passage may be granted.

Apply for application forms and further details to

Dept. 296
Ontario Immigration Department,
12 New Burlington Street,
London, W1.

SWISS Pharmaceutical Company of international repute invites applications from medical men with literary ability for a permanent and pensionable appointment to the staff of the English Section of their Medical Information Department in Basle, Switzerland. This job demands a wide knowledge of all aspects of medico-literary work and preference will be given to candidates with full- or part-time experience of medical editing and journalism. An M.D. or M.R.C.P. is desirable but not essential (providing the candidate is reasonably familiar with contemporary medical practice and literature). An appreciation of the problems of the pharmaceutical industry would also be an advantage. Ability to speak German or French would be useful. The work is varied and interesting and will bring the successful applicant into contact with the pharmacological and clinical research departments. Starting salary will be between Swiss Francs 15,000.- and 20,000.-, depending on experience and qualifications. (Income tax is considerably lower than in the U.K.) Applications, which will be treated in strict confidence, should give full details. A short list of applicants will be invited for interview in London in first instance. Box 6240.

COUNTY Council of the County of Stirling. Disablement Officer Wanted (Male or Female) for case work among handicapped persons (other than blind or deaf and dumb persons). J.I.C. Salary Scale—A.P.T. I—£565 × £15—£610 per annum. Appointment superannuable; successful candidate subject to medical examination. Experience in social welfare work and the possession of a Social Science Diploma essential. Knowledge of handicrafts an advantage. Applications, stating age, marital condition, experience and qualifications, and giving names and addresses of 2 referees, to be lodged with the undersigned not later than 26 November, 1957. James D Kennedy, County Clerk, County Offices, Viewforth, Stirling.

CITY of Leicester Children's Committee. Appointment of Child Care Officer. Applications are invited from suitably qualified women for the full-time post of Child Care Officer on the Staff of the Children's Officer. Salary: APT. 1, £575 to £725 per annum. The post offers valuable experience in all aspects of work for children deprived of a normal home life, including boarding out in the City of Leicester and the surrounding County, adoptions, preventive work and some Court work. The appointment will be subject to the Local Government Superannuation Acts, and to a satisfactory medical examination. Application forms may be obtained from the Children's Officer, 20 Millstone Lane, Leicester. Closing date 22 November, 1957.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BRITISH Association for the Advancement of Science. Applications are invited from graduates for the newly created post of Assistant Secretary in the Office of the Association, Burlington House. The successful candidate will be required to assist in the executive work connected with the various activities of the Association. Salary will be in accordance with qualifications and experience. The appointment will be made, in the first place, for a period not exceeding three years. Applications, giving full particulars of age, education, qualifications and career, and the names of two referees, should be submitted in writing to the Secretary, British Association, Burlington House, W1, by 6 December 1957.

CIVIL Service Commission. Assistant Director of Examinations (Modern Languages). This pensionable post in the Commission (London) will become vacant in December, 1957. Selection by interview in December. Candidates must have a good honours degree in modern languages, preferably in French or in French and Spanish. Qualifications in Arabic or in an Oriental language would be useful. Good teaching experience in University, schools, or further education is desirable; examining, interviewing, or administrative experience an advantage. Duties include the discussion of draft papers, with examiners, from GCE level to Final Honours; control of marking, and maintenance of standards; work in connection with examinations for Forces Interpreterships and Foreign Service language allowances; also administrative work in recruitment to the Civil Service, negotiations with educational bodies, and interviewing. Starting salary up to £1,350 according to experience and present salary; present maximum £1,870. Teaching of FSSU service may be preserved for superannuation. Five-day week: five weeks' leave. Promotion possibilities within the Commission or to administrative work. Application forms and full information from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W1, quoting No. 4778/57. Application forms should be returned by 28 November 1957.

COPY Editor in Sweden. Copy editor with university background and great typographical experience wanted by Uppsala University Printers about January, 1958, for preparation of manuscripts in English (mostly science) involving full typographical treatment, clarification, and some language editing. Great adaptability, tact and initiative required since copy editing is a new field in Sweden. Special experience in the printing of mathematics, treatment of tables, etc., a definite advantage. Modern languages including Swedish useful but not essential. Fully detailed applications in writing, stating salary required, urgently invited from applicants considering long-term employment in Sweden. Personal interview in England by arrangement. Almqvist & Wiksells Boktryckeri AB, Uppsala, Sweden.

NATIONAL Foundation for Educational Research in England and Wales. Applications are invited for a total of four posts as Assistant Research Officer to take part in the N.F.E.R. research programme. The fields of investigation are language and number in the Primary School, the construction of tests for Secondary Schools, and Secondary Technical Education. A.R.O.'s should have a first or second class degree of a recognised university, preferably in psychology, and some teaching experience. The posts offer the opportunity of gaining experience in large-scale educational research and in suitable cases opportunities will be allowed for continuing work for a higher degree. Service with the N.F.E.R is recognised by the Ministry of Education. Salary £700 × £25—£750. Two-year contract renewable for a third year. Pension rights safeguarded. One post is to be filled immediately; the others as from 1 April, 1958. Applications (three copies) together with the names and addresses of three referees should be sent by 30 November to the Director, N.F.E.R., 79 Wimpole Street, London, W1, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

RESIDENT Housemaster required at Stamford House (L.C.C.) Remand Home and Classifying Centre, 206A Goldhawk Road, Shepherd's Bush, W12, to become a leading member of the team observing boys awaiting remand home reports and classification after committal to approved schools to be named. Duties will include responsibility for a group of boys, organising out-of-school activities and games, liaison work between Stamford House, probation and child welfare officers and other officials, and escorting boys to and acquiring knowledge of approved schools in S.E. England. Appropriate quals. or experience desirable but suitable personality essential. Salary within scale £512-£845 less £128 8s. for board, lodging and laundry. Annual leave 8 weeks. Single accom. only. Appl. form and details from Children's Officer (CH/G.1), County Hall, London, SE1. Closing date 14 December.

CITY of Manchester Health Department require Municipal Midwives. Houses and flats available; car and uniform allowances, laundry paid in full. Salary in accordance with Nurses and Midwives Council recommendation. Application forms, obtainable from the Medical Officer of Health, Nursing Services Division, Town Hall, Manchester, 2.

THOROUGHLY experienced Kindergarten Mistress (Froebel) wanted now or Jan. Town & Country School, 38 Eton Av, NW3.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE Joint Matriculation Board (Universities of Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Sheffield and Birmingham) invites applications for appointment as Machine Supervisor from persons with substantial experience of punched-card procedures qualified to operate and to develop the use of a new I.B.M. installation in connection with the clerical side of the Board's examining work. Further details together with a copy of the form of application may be obtained from the Secretary, 315 Oxford Road, Manchester 13. Envelopes should be marked "Machine Supervisor".

CO-OPERATIVE Union Ltd. Education Department. Applications are invited for appointment as Sectional Education Officer in the Northern Section, with headquarters in Newcastle upon Tyne. The Sectional Education Officer will be required to represent the Education Department in the Section and to be responsible for development of Co-operative Education, including the Co-operative Youth Movement and Adult and Technical Education. Salary in the scale £667 × £26 5s. 0d. to £825; commencing salary fixed according to qualifications and experience. Co-operative qualifications and experience will be given due weight. Application forms and further particulars from the Chief Education Officer, Co-operative Union Ltd, Stanford Hall, Loughborough, Leics., to whom applications should be returned not later than 27 November 1957.

PSYCHOTHERAPIST reqd. at Edmonton & Enfield Child Guidance Centre, 'Garvary', Dryden Rd., Bush Hill Park, Enfield. Membership of Association of Child Psychotherapists with Honours degree in psychology or equivalent, recognised training and/or exper. in therapy essential. Salary: £1,150 to £1,400 (male); £1,075 to £1,292 12s. 0d. (female) plus further 'equal pay' adjustments. Prescribed conditions. Application forms (stmpd. add. env.) from Chief Education Officer (Ref. G.P.), 10 Great George St., Westminster, SW1 (Quote W.381, N.Stm.). Canvassing disqualifies.

NETHERNE Hospital, Coulsdon, Surrey. Senior Clinical Psychologist. Applications are invited for the appointment of a Senior Clinical Psychologist at the above hospital. The work involves full responsibility for the assessment of individual patients by the techniques of scientific psychology. Salary inclusive of London Weighting £1,040 p.a. rising to £1,425 p.a. P.T.A. Whitley Council conditions of service. Applications with details of qualifications and experience and the names of three referees should be sent to the Secry., Netherne Hospital Management Committee, Netherne Hospital, Coulsdon, Surrey, within 14 days of appearance of this advertisement.

MIDDLESEX County Council—County Health Department. Psychiatric Social Worker, for both pre and after-care in Community Care Service, reqd. initially in West Central Division, Southall. Good office accom. & clerical assistance available. Position offers scope & interest in this field of Psychiatric Social work. P.T.A. quals. & salary. Established, subject to medical assessment & prescribed conditions. Car allowance considered. Apply stating age, quals. exper. & names of two referees to County Medical Officer, (Ref 'S') 3, 5, & 7, Old Queen Street, Westminster, SW1 by 23 November. (Quote W.389, N.S.) Canvassing disqualifies.

FULLY qualified Family Caseworker required. Senior position. Agency accepts students. Details given on application to The General Secretary, Sheffield Council of Social Service, 78/80, Surrey Street, Sheffield 1.

OCCUPATIONAL Therapist (whole-time) required by LCC to give diversional therapy to home-bound tuberculous patients in north-east London (area Stoke Newington, Hackney, Shoreditch and Stepney). Whitley Council senior occupational therapist salary. Application forms (returnable by 25 November) and particulars from Divisional Medical Officer, Drysdale Street, Hoxton, N1. (2038.)

HAMPSTEAD. The Town & Country School, 38 Eton Av, NW3. Teacher(s), exper. in creative work with senior children (Art, crafts, acting, class music, writing) reqd. now or Jan. Burnham scale, Gov. superann.

PERSONAL Assistant to owner of retail business of good standing. Congenial position for capable conscientious woman. Good English, typing & figure work essential. State age & details of career. Box 6470.

EXPERIENCED sub-editor required by leading fiction magazine. Fleet Street area. Wide reading, knowl. short stories, sense of humour, an advantage. Box 6498.

BOOK-KEEPER wanted for West End Art Gallery, male or female. State age, experience and salary required. References essential. Box 6444.

NATIONAL Marriage Guidance Council has vacancy for Secretary/Shorthand Typist. Must be quick and accurate. Hours 9-5, no Sats. Salary £9 p.w. Optional superannuation scheme. Apply to Office Secretary, 78 Duke Street, W1.

ASSOCIATION for Consumer Research wants experienced sh./typist for new challenging position. Salary to be settled with successful applicant. Send details to 16 Victoria Park Sq., E2.

POPULAR women's magazine sks. staff to answer readers' queries. Rest, typing & good English essential. Age 25-40. Box 6414.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WANTED for January, housemistress interested in town and country pursuits. Some previous work with children essential. Teaching or matron exp. an asset. Box 6141.

EMPLOYMENT and Case Worker Officer required. Qualifications Personnel Management and/or Social Science. Vol. Org. helping women over 40. Commencing salary range £550-£600 according to exper. Box 6405.

SHORTHAND-Typist (speeds 120/60) required for expanding Travel Agency near Baker Street Station. Applicants must have fluent Spanish as duties will include some translations from Spanish to English and vice versa. Salary scale £490 to £550, three weeks annual leave and free holidays abroad. Full details of experience and qualifications to Box 6514.

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